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M A N F R E D.

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M A N F R E D,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

“ There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
“ Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

BY LORD BYRON.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1817.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

MANUEL.

HERMAN.

WITCH OF THE ALPS.

ARIMANES.

NEMESIS.

The DESTINIES.

SPIRITS, &c.

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—
partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the
Mountains.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF LINCOLN'S INN

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

1704

Printed by

J. BURNET

at the

PRINTING OFFICE

Printed by J. BURNET at the PRINTING OFFICE in ST. MARTIN'S LANE, near CHURCH LANE, in the Year 1704.

MANFRED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone—Scene, a Gothic gallery—Time,
Midnight.*

MAN. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch :
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not : in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within ; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise ;
Sorrow is knowledge : they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.

Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essayed, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not : I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among men—
But this avail'd not : I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
But this avail'd not :—Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
Now to my task.—

Mysterious Agency !

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe !
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
I call upon ye by the written charm

Which gives me power upon you——Rise ! appear !

[*A pause.*

They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
Who is undying,—Rise ! appear !——Appear !

[*A pause.*

If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me : by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space ;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear !

[*A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery ; it is
stationary ; and a voice is heard singing.*]

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal ! to thy bidding bow'd,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sun-set gilds.

With the azure and vermillion,
Which is mix'd for my pavilion ;
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden ;
To thine adjuration bow'd,
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd !

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand ;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The Glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day ;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his cavern'd base—
And what with me wouldst *Thou* ?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells ;
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells ;
O'er my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold !

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillow'd on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher ;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth,
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth ;

I have quitted my birth-place,
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide !

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,
The Stirrer of the storm ;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm ;
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast :
The fleet I met sailed well, and yet
'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
Why doth thy magic torture me with light ?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny,
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me :
It was a world as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round sun in air ;

Its course was free and regular,
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe ;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky !
And thou ! beneath its influence born—
Thou worm ! whom I obey and scorn—
Forced by a power (which is not thine,
And lent thee but to make thee mine)
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak spirits round thee bend
And parley with a thing like thee—
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay ! with me ?

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay !
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say ?

MAN. Forgetfulness——

FIRST SPIRIT. Of what—of whom—and why?

MAN. Of that which is within me; read it there—
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

SPIRIT. We can but give thee that which we possess:
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators, each and all,
These shall be thine.

MAN. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

SPIRIT. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou mayst die.

MAN. Will death bestow it on me?

SPIRIT. We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal; and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answered?

MAN. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye
here

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,

Pervading, and far-darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay !
Answer, or I will teach ye what I am.

SPIRIT. We answer as we answered ; our reply
Is even in thine own words.

MAN. Why say ye so ?

SPIRIT. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

MAN. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain ;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

SPIRIT. Say ;
What we possess we offer ; it is thine :
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days——

MAN. Accursed ! what have I to do with days ?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone !

SPIRIT. Yet pause : being here, our will would do thee
service ;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes ?

MAN. No, none : yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,

As music on the waters ; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star ;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

SPIRIT. We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle :
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MAN. I have no choice ; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting.—Come !

SEVENTH SPIRIT. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*) Behold !

MAN. Oh God ! if it be thus, and *thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy.—I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—— [*The figure vanishes.*

My heart is crush'd !

[MANFRED *falls senseless.*

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass ;

When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish ;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone ;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud ;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been ;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,

Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse ;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice ;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky ;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill ;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring ;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake ;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;

In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy ;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart ;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee ! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell !

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial ;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny ;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear ;
Lo ! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee ;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither !

SCENE II.

The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—

MANFRED *alone upon the Cliffs.*

MAN. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me ;
I lean no more on super-human aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth !
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance ; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself;
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit

To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark ! the note,

[*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*

The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd ;
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me !

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Even so

This way the chamois leapt : her nimble feet
Have baffled me ; my gains to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here ?
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd

A height which none even of our mountaineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain : his garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance.—
I will approach him nearer.

MAN. (*not perceiving the other.*) To be thus—
Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise ! Now furrow'd o'er
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years ;
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive !—Ye toppling crags of ice !
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict ; but ye pass,
And only fall on things which still would live ;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. HUN. The mists begin to rise from up the valley ;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

MAN. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

C. HUN. I must approach him cautiously ; if near,
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

MAN. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren ; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters ;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it ?

C. HUN. Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal!—for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

MAN. (*not hearing him.*) Such would have been for
me a fitting tomb ;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth ;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully—

Ye were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!

(As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.)

C. HUN. Hold, madman!—though aweary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood.—

Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

MAN. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—What art thou?

C. HUN. I'll answer that anon.—Away with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The Chalet will be gained within an hour—
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

(As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED *and the* CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. HUN. No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth :

Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other, for some hours, at least ;
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither ?

MAN. It imports not : I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. HUN. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high
lineage—

One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
May call thee Lord ? I only know their portals ;

My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
Carousing with the vassals ; but the paths,
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
I know from childhood—which of these is thine ?

MAN. No matter.

C. HUN. Well, sir, pardon me the question,
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine ;
'Tis of an ancient vintage ; many a day
'T has thawed my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

MAN. Away, away ! there's blood upon the brim !
Will it then never—never sink in the earth ?

C. HUN. What dost thou mean ? thy senses wander
from thee.

MAN. I say 'tis blood—my blood ! the pure warm
stream

Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed : but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

C. HUN. Man of strange words, and some half-mad-
dening sin,

Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience——

MAN. Patience and patience! Hence—that word was
made

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

C. HUN. Thanks to heaven!

I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

MAN. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

C. HUN. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

MAN. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now.
To those which I must number: ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

C. HUN. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

MAN. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,

Innumerable atoms ; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. HUN. Alas ! he's mad—but yet I must not leave
him.

MAN. I would I were—for then the things I see
Would be but a distempered dream.

C. HUN. What is it

That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon ?

MAN. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free ;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts ;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep ; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless ; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph ;
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was scorch'd already !

C. HUN. And would'st thou then exchange thy lot for
mine ?

MAN. No, friend ! I would not wrong thee, nor ex-
change

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays¹ still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to he bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

(MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbeam of the torrent.)

MAN. Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form

The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements ; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit ! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH.

Son of Earth !

I know thee, and the powers which give thee power ;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me ?

MAN. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.

The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

WITCH. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

MAN. A boon ;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

WITCH. I know not that ; let thy lips utter it.

MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same ;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes ;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine ;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger ; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,

I held but slight communion ; but instead,
My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite ; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted ; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developement ; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim ;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone ;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect ; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,

Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros², at Gadara,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence, until——

WITCH. Proceed.

MAN. Oh! I but thus prolonged my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
Yet there was one——

WITCH. Spare not thyself—proceed.

MAN. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone

Even of her voice, they said were like to mine ;
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty ;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe : nor these.
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not ;
And tenderness—but that I had for her ;
Humility—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
I loved her, and destroy'd her !

WITCH.

With thy hand ?

MAN. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her
heart—

It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
I saw—and could not staunch it.

WITCH.

And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
To recreant mortality—Away !

MAN. Daughter of Air ! I tell thee, since that hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me !
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset ;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In phantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Cræsus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

WITCH.

It may be

That I can aid thee.

MAN. To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

WITCH. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

MAN. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

WITCH. Is this all?
Hast thou no gentler answer—Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

MAN. I have said it.

WITCH. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

MAN. Retire!

[The WITCH disappears.]

MAN. (*alone.*) We are the fools of time and terror:
Days

Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—

In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd's.

If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,

That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare :
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart,
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright ;
And here on snows, where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
And leave no traces ; o'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,

We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image ;
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils ;
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
Is our great festival—'tis strange they come not.

A Voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone ;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shivered his chain,
I leagued him with numbers—
He's Tyrant again !
With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, answering.

The city lies sleeping;
The morn, to deplore it,
May dawn on it weeping:
Sullenly, slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish—
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish;
But nothing can vanquish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and anguish,

And evil and dread,

Envelope a nation—

The blest are the dead,

Who see not the sight

Of their own desolation.—

This work of a night—

This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—

For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,

Our footsteps are their graves;

We only give to take again,

The spirits of our slaves!

FIRST DES. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

SECOND DES. At some great work;
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

THIRD DES. Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

FIRST DES. Say, where hast thou been?—
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

NEM. I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge ;
Goadng the wise to madness ; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away !
We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe
of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

Hymn of the SPIRITS.

Hail to our Master !—Prince of Earth and Air !—
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command !

He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea ;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder ;
He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee ;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.
Beneath his footsteps the volcanos rise ;
His shadow is the Pestilence ; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies ;
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
To him War offers daily sacrifice ;
To him Death pays his tribute ; Life is his,
With all its infinite of agonies—
And his the spirit of whatever is !

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

FIRST DES. Glory to Arimanes ! on the earth
His power increaseth—both my sisters did
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty !

SECOND DES. Glory to Arimanes ! we who bow
The necks of men, bow down before his throne !

THIRD DES. Glory to Arimanes !—we await
His nod !

NEM. Sovereign of Sovereigns ! we are thine,
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,
And most things wholly so ; still to increase
Our power increasing thine, demands our care,

And we are vigilant—Thy late commands
Have been fulfilled to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A SPIRIT. What is here?

A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
Bow down and worship!

SECOND SPIRIT. I do know the man—

A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

THIRD SPIRIT. Bow down and worship, slave!—What,
know'st thou not

Thine and our Sovereign?—Tremble, and obey!

ALL THE SPIRITS. Prostrate thyself, and thy con-
demned clay,

Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

MAN. I know it;

And yet ye see I kneel not.

FOURTH SPIRIT. 'Twill be taught thee.

MAN. 'Tis taught already;—many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

FIFTH SPIRIT. Dost thou dare

Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his Glory—Crouch ! I say.

MAN. Bid *him* bow down to that which is above him,
The overruling Infinite—the Maker
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.

THE SPIRITS. Crush the worm !
Tear him in pieces !—

FIRST DES. Hence ! Avaunt !—he's mine.
Prince of the Powers invisible ! This man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote ; his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own ; his knowledge and his powers and will,
As far as is compatible with clay,
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such
As clay hath seldom borne ; his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This is not all—the passions, attributes

Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being,
Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,
No other Spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

NEM. What doth he here then?

FIRST DES.

Let him answer that.

MAN. Ye know what I have known; and without power
I could not be amongst ye: but there are
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

NEM. What wouldst thou?

MAN.

Thou canst not reply to me.

Call up the dead—my question is for them.

NEM. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?

ARI.

Yea.

NEM.

Whom would'st thou

Uncharnel?

MAN.

One without a tomb—call up

Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow ! or Spirit !

Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which returned to the earth,
Re-appear to the day !

Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worst
Redeem from the worm.

Appear !—Appear !—Appear !

Who sent thee there requires thee here !

*(The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands
in the midst.)*

MAN. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her
cheek ;

But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
It is the same ! Oh, God ! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte !—No,

To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die,
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek :
I feel but what thou art—and what I am ;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me !
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answered me—many things answered me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me ! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me ! I have wandered o'er the earth
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me !
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me :

I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
I reckon not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!

PHANTOM OF ASTARTE. Manfred!

MAN. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

PHAN. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
Farewell!

MAN. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. Say, shall we meet again?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

PHAN. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]

NEM. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A SPIRIT. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal
And seek the things beyond mortality.

ANOTHER SPIRIT. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and
makes

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have made

An awful spirit.

NEM. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

MAN. None.

NEM. Then for a time farewell.

MAN. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

(*Scene closes.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

MAN. What is the hour?

HER. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

MAN. Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed?

HER. All, my lord, are ready ;
Here is the key and casket.

MAN. It is well :
Thou mayst retire. [Exit HERMAN.]

MAN. (*alone.*) There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness ! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.

If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once :
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there ?

Re-enter HERMAN.

My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

ABBOT. Peace be with Count Manfred !

MAN. Thanks, holy father ! welcome to these walls ;
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

ABBOT. Would it were so, Count !—
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

MAN. Herman, retire. What would my reverend
guest ?

ABBOT. Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my
office,

And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries; may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd!

MAN. Proceed,—I listen.

ABBOT. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

MAN. And what are they who do avouch these things?

ABBOT. My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

MAN. Take it.

ABBOT. I come to save, and not destroy—
I would not pry into thy secret soul ;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity : reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

MAN. I hear thee. This is my reply ; whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances ? prove and punish !

ABBOT. My son ! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon ;—with thyself
The choice of such remains—and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin
To higher hope and better thoughts ; the first
I leave to heaven—“ Vengeance is mine alone !”
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

MAN. Old man ! there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,

Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

ABBOT. All this is well ;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place,
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors, so they be atoned :
And the commencement of atonement is
The sense of its necessity.—Say on—
And all our church can teach thee shall be taught ;
And all we can absolve thee, shall be pardon'd.

MAN. When Rome's sixth Emperor was near his last,
The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
To shun the torments of a public death
From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
With show of loyal pity, would have staunch'd
The gushing throat with his officious robe ;

The dying Roman thrust him back and said—

Some empire still in his expiring glance,

“It is too late—is this fidelity?”

ABBOT. And what of this?

MAN. I answer with the Roman—

“It is too late!”

ABBOT. It never can be so,

To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,

And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?

’Tis strange—even those who do despair above,

Yet shape themselves some phantasy on earth,

To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

MAN. Ay—father! I have had those earthly visions
And noble aspirations in my youth,

To make my own the mind of other men,

The enlightener of nations; and to rise

I knew not whither—it might be to fall;

But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,

Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,

Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,

(Which casts up misty columns that become

Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)

Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,

My thoughts mistook themselves.

ABBOT. And wherefore so?

MAN. I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and
sue—

And watch all time—and pry into all place—
And be a living lie—who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
The mass are; I disdained to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.
The lion is alone, and so am I.

ABBOT. And why not live and act with other men?

MAN. Because my nature was averse from life;
And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
But find a desolation:—like the wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly; such hath been
The course of my existence; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

ABBOT. Alas!

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid

From me and from my calling ; yet so young,
I still would——

MAN. Look on me ! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death ;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of withered, or of broken hearts ;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me ! for even of all these things
Have I partaken ; and of all these things,
One were enough ; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or, having been, that I am still on earth.

ABBOT. Yet, hear me still——

MAN. Old man ! I do respect
Thine order, and revere thine years ; I deem
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain :
Think me not churlish ; I would spare thyself,

Far more than me, in shunning at this time

All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

ABBOT. This should have been a noble creature : he

Hath all the energy which would have made

A goodly frame of glorious elements,

Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,

It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—

And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,

Mix'd, and contending without end or order,

All dormant or destructive : he will perish,

And yet he must not ; I will try once more,

For such are worth redemption ; and my duty

Is to dare all things for a righteous end.

I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.]

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

HER. My Lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset :

He sinks behind the mountain.

MAN.

Doth he so?

I will look on him.

[MANFRED *advances to the Window of the Hall.*

Glorious Orb ! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons⁴
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—
Most glorious orb ! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd !
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons ! Thou material God !
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow ! Thou chief star !
Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !
Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them ! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects ;—thou dost rise,

And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well !
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look : thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone :
I follow.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

SCENE III.

The Mountains.—The Castle of Manfred at some distance.—A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

HER. 'Tis strange enough ; night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it,—
So have we all been oft-times ; but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter ; I would give

The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

MANUEL. 'Twere dangerous ;
Content thyself with what thou knowest already.

HER. Ah ! Manuel ! thou art elderly and wise,
And could'st say much ; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is't ?

MANUEL. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

HER. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ ?

MANUEL. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits :
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—
A warrior and a reveller ; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day ; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

HER. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times ! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again ; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT. Where is your master ?

HER. Yonder, in the tower.

ABBOT. I must speak with him.

MANUEL. 'Tis impossible ;

He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

ABBOT. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
But I must see him.

HER. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

ABBOT. Herman ! I command thee,
Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.

HER. We dare not.

ABBOT. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

MANUEL. Reverend father, stop—
I pray you pause.

ABBOT. Why so ?

MANUEL. But step this way,
And I will tell you further.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*Interior of the Tower.*MANFRED *alone.*

MAN. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song

Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night !

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT.

My good Lord !

I crave a second grace for this approach ;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
Recoils on me ; its good in the effect
May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
Recall a noble spirit which hath wandered ;
But is not yet all lost.

MAN.

Thou know'st me not ;

My days are numbered, and my deeds recorded :
Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away !

ABBOT. Thou dost not mean to menace me ?

MAN.

Not I ;

I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

ABBOT.

What dost mean ?

MAN.

Look there !

What dost thou see ?

ABBOT.

Nothing.

MAN.

Look there, I say,

And steadfastly ;—now tell me what thou seest ?

ABBOT. That which should shake me,—but I fear it
not—

I see a dusk and awful figure rise
Like an infernal god from out the earth ;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds ; he stands between
Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

MAN. Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—
but

His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
I say to thee—Retire !

ABBOT.

And, I reply—

Never—till I have battled with this fiend—
What doth he here ?

MAN.

Why—ay—what doth he here ?

I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

ABBOT. Alas ! lost mortal ! what with guests like these
Hast thou to do ? I tremble for thy sake ;
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him ?

Ah ! he unveils his aspect ; on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven ; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avaunt !——

MAN. Pronounce—what is thy mission ?

SPIRIT. Come !

ABBOT. What art thou, unknown being ? answer !—
speak !

SPIRIT. The genius of this mortal.—Come ! 'tis time.

MAN. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here ?

SPIRIT. Thou'lt know anon—Come ! come !

MAN. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence !

SPIRIT. Mortal ! thine hour is come—Away ! I say.

MAN. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee :
Away ! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

SPIRIT. Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise !

[Other Spirits rise up.]

ABBOT. Avaunt ! ye evil ones !—Avaunt ! I say,—
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name——

SPIRIT.

Old man !

We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order ;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain ; this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away ! away !

MAN. I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye ;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits ; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

SPIRIT.

Reluctant mortal !

Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal ?—Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life ? the very life
Which made thee wretched !

MAN.

Thou false fiend, thou liest !

My life is in its last hour,—*that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour ;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels ; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,

Born from the knowledge of its own desert.

Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt
me ;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—

But was my own destroyer, and will be

My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends !

The hand of death is on me—but not yours !

[The Demons disappear.]

ABBOT. Alas ! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—
And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle—Give thy prayers to heaven—
Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.

MAN. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not ;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—
Give me thy hand.

[MANFRED expires.]

ABBOT. Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—alas ! how fares it with thee ?—
He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
Whither ? I dread to think—but he is gone.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

Note 1, page 31, line 1.

———— *the sunbow's rays still arch*
The torrent with the many hues of heaven.

This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rainbow, come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it:—this effect lasts till noon.

Note 2, page 35, line 9.

He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara.

The philosopher Iamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life, by Eunapius. It is well told.

Note 3, page 39, line 21.

———— *she replied*
In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.

The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta, (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished

for an attempt to betray the Lacedæmonians) and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon ; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the Sophist, in his description of Greece.

Note 4, page 63, line 6.

————— *the giant sons*
Of the embrace of angels.

“ That the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair,” &c.

“ There were giants on the earth in those days, and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men : and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.”

Genesis, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.

THE END.

THE
FALL OF JERUSALEM.

LONDON:
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THE FALL
OF JERUSALEM

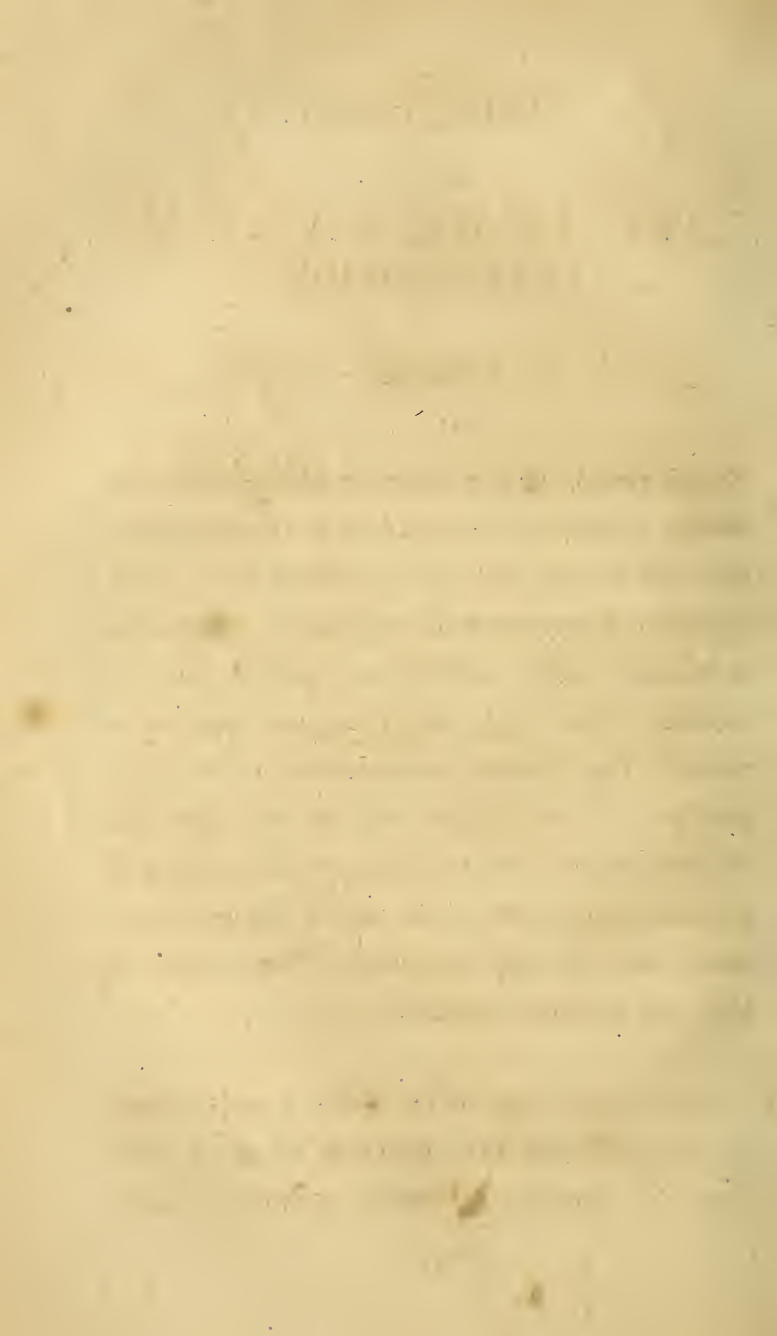
A DRAMATIC POEM

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN

NEW EDITION

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY

MDCCCXX.



INTRODUCTION.

EVERY reader will at once perceive from the nature of the interest, and from the language, that this drama was neither written with a view to public representation, nor can be adapted to it without being entirely remodelled and rewritten. The critic will draw the same conclusion from certain peculiarities in the composition, irreconcilable with the arrangements of the theatre; the introducing and dismissing of the subordinate characters after a single appearance; and yet appropriating to them some of the most poetical speeches.

The groundwork of the poem is to be found in Josephus, but the events of a considerable time are compressed into a period of about

thirty-six hours. Though their children are fictitious characters, the leaders of the Jews, Simon, John, and Eleazar, are historical. At the beginning of the siege the defenders of the city were divided into three factions. John, however, having surprised Eleazar, who occupied the Temple, during a festival, the party of Eleazar became subordinate to that of John. The character of John the Galilean was that of excessive sensuality, I have therefore considered him as belonging to the sect of the Sadducees; Simon, on the other hand, I have represented as a native of Jerusalem, and a strict Pharisee; although his soldiers were chiefly Edomites. The Christians, we learn from Eusebius, abandoned the city previous to the siege (by divine command, according to that author), and took refuge in Pella, a small town on the further side of the Jordan. The constant tradition of the Church has been, that no one professing that faith perished during all the havoc which attended on this most awful visitation.

It has been my object also to show the full completion of prophecy in this great event; nor do I conceive that the public mind (should this poem merit attention) can be directed to so striking and so incontestable an evidence of the Christian faith without advantage. Those whom duty might not induce to compare the long narrative of Josephus with the Scriptural prediction of the “Abomination of Desolation,” may be tempted by the embellishments of poetic language, and the interest of a dramatic fable.



THE
FALL OF JERUSALEM.

CHARACTERS.

ROMANS.

TITUS.

CAIUS PLACIDUS.

TIBERIUS ALEXANDER.

TERENTIUS RUFUS.

DIAGORAS, a Stoic philosopher.

JOSEPH (the Historian) with the Roman army.
Soldiers, &c.

JEWS IN THE CITY.

SIMON, the Assassin.

JOHN, the Tyrant.

ELEAZAR, the Zealot.

AMARIAH, son of John.

The HIGH-PRIEST.

BEN CATHLA, leader of the Edomites.

AARON, a Levite.

ABIRAM, a false Prophet.

Many Jews.

JAVAN, a Christian, by birth a Jew.

MIRIAM, } Daughters of Simon.
SALONE, }



THE
FALL OF JERUSALEM.

The Mount of Olives—Evening.

*TITUS, CAIUS PLACIDUS, TIBERIUS ALEXANDER, TERENTIUS
RUFUS, DIAGORAS, &c.*

TITUS.

ADVANCE the eagles, Caius Placidus, (1)
Even to the walls of this rebellious city !
What ! shall our bird of conquest, that hath flown
Over the world, and built her nest of glory
High in the palace tops of proudest kings,
What ! shall she check and pause here in her circle,
Her centre of dominion ? By the gods,
It is a treason to all-conquering Rome,
That thus our baffled legions stand at bay
Before this hemm'd and famishing Jerusalem.

PLACIDUS.

Son of Vespasian! I have been a soldier,
Till the helm hath worn mine aged temples bare.
Battles have been familiar to mine eyes
As is the sunlight, and the angry Mars
Wears not a terror to appal the souls
Of constant men, but I have fronted it.
I have seen the painted Briton sweep to battle
On his scythed car, and when he fell, he fell
As one that honour'd death by nobly dying.
And I have been where flying Parthians shower'd
Their arrows, making the pursuer check
His fierce steed with the sudden grasp of death.
But war like this, so frantic and so desperate,
Man ne'er beheld. Our swords are blunt with slaying,
And yet, as though the earth cast up again
Souls discontented with a single death,
They grow beneath the slaughter. Neither battle,
Nor famine, nor the withering pestilence,
Subdues these prodigals of blood: by day

They cast their lives upon our swords; by night
They turn their civil weapons on themselves,
Even till insatiate War shrinks to behold
The hideous consummation.

TITUS.

It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsels of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspers'd;

Here towers of war that frown in massy strength.
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturb'd and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles !⁽²⁾
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs ;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

TIBERIUS ALEXANDER.

Wond'rous indeed it is, great Son of Cæsar,
But it shall be more wond'rous, when the triumph

Of Titus marches through those brazen gates,
Which seem as though they would invite the world
To worship in the precincts of her Temple,
As he in laurell'd pomp is borne along
To that new palace of his pride.

TITUS.

Tiberius!

It cannot be——

TIBERIUS.

What cannot be, which Rome
Commands, and Titus, the great heir of Rome?

TITUS.

I tell thee, Alexander, it must fall!
Yon lofty city, and yon gorgeous Temple,
Are consecrate to Ruin. Earth is weary
Of the wild factions of this jealous people,
And they must feel our wrath, the wrath of Rome,
Even so that the rapt stranger shall admire
Where that proud city stood, which was Jerusalem.

DIAGORAS. . . .

Thy brethren of the Porch, imperial Titus, ⁽³⁾
Of late esteem'd thee at the height of those
That with consummate wisdom have tamed down
The fierce and turbulent passions which distract
The vulgar soul; they deem'd that, like Olympus,
Thou, on thy cold and lofty eminence,
Severely didst maintain thy sacred quiet
Above the clouds and tumult of low earth.
But now we see thee stooping to the thralldom
Of every fierce affection, now entranced
In deepest admiration, and anon
Wrath hath the absolute empire o'er thy soul.
Methinks we must unschool our royal pupil,
And cast him back to the common herd of men.

TITUS.

Tis true, Diagoras; yet wherefore ask not,
For vainly have I question'd mine own reason:
But thus it is—I know not whence or how,
There is a stern command upon my soul.

I feel the inexorable fate within
That tells me, carnage is a duty here,
And that the appointed desolation chides
The tardy vengeance of our war. Diagoras,
If that I err, impeach my tenets. Destiny
Is over all, and hard Necessity
Holds o'er the shifting course of human things
Her paramount dominion. Like a flood
The irresistible stream of fate flows on,
And urges in its vast and sweeping motion
Kings, Consuls, Cæsars, with their mightiest armies,
Each to his fix'd, inevitable end.
Yea, even eternal Rome, and Father Jove,
Sternly submissive, sail that onward tide.
And now am I upon its rushing bosom,
I feel its silent billows swell beneath me,
Bearing me and the conquering arms of Rome
'Gainst yon devoted city. On they pass,
And ages yet to come shall pause and wonder
At the utter wreck, which they shall leave behind them.

But, Placidus, I read thy look severe.

This is no time nor place for school debates
On the high points of wisdom. Let this night
Our wide encircling walls complete their circuit ;⁽⁴⁾
And still the approaching trenches closer mine
Their secret way : the engines and the towers
Stand each at their appointed post—Terentius,
That charge be thine.

TERENTIUS.

There spoke again the Roman.

Faith ! like old Mummius, I should give to the flame
Whate'er opposed the sovereign sway of Cæsar,⁽⁵⁾
If it were wrought of massy molten gold :
And though I wear a beard, I boast not much
Of my philosophy. But this I know,
That to oppose the omnipotent arms of Rome
Is to pluck down and tempt a final doom.

The Fountain of Siloe—Night.

JAVAN.

Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee ! (6)
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.
Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on ; the stars
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams
Course one another o'er thy silver bosom :
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
And armed men their hot and weary brows
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.

Even with such rare and singular purity
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.
Men's eyes, o'erwearied with the sights of war,
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.

Thou canst o'erawe, thou in thy gentleness,
A trembling, pale, and melancholy maid,
The brutal violence of ungodly men.
Thou glidest on amid the dark pollution
In modesty unstain'd ; and heavenly influences,
More lovely than the light of star or moon,
As though delighted with their own reflection
From spirit so pure, dwell evermore upon thee.

Oh ! how dost thou, beloved proselyte
To the high creed of him who died for men,
Oh ! how dost thou commend the truths I teach thee,
By the strong faith and soft humility
Wherewith thy soul embraces them ! Thou prayest,
And I, who pray with thee, feel my words wing'd,
And holier fervor gushing from my heart,
While heaven seems smiling kind acceptance down
On the associate of so pure a worshipper.

But ah ! why com'st thou not ? these two long nights
I've watch'd for thee in vain, and have not felt
The music of thy footsteps on my spirit——

VOICE AT A DISTANCE.

Javan!

JAVAN.

It is her voice! the air is fond of it,
And enviously delays its tender sounds
From the ear that thirsteth for them——Miriam!

JAVAN, MIRIAM.

JAVAN.

Nay, stand thus in thy timid breathlessness,
That I may gaze on thee, and thou not chide me
Because I gaze too fondly.

MIRIAM.

Hast thou brought me
Thy wonted offerings?

JAVAN.

Dearest, they are here:
The bursting fig, the cool and ripe pomegranate,
The skin all rosy with the imprisoned wine;

All I can bear thee, more than thou canst bear
Home to the city.

MIRIAM.

Bless thee ! Oh my father !
How will thy famish'd and thy toil-bow'd frame
Resume its native majesty ! thy words,
When this bright draught hath slak'd thy parched lips,
Flow with their wonted freedom and command.

JAVAN.

Thy father ! still no thought but of thy father !
Nay, Miriam ! but thou must hear me now,
Now ere we part—if we must part again,
If my sad spirit must be rent from thine.
Even now our city trembles on the verge
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets
Stands conqueror : and how the Roman conquers,
Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata⁽⁷⁾
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes.

They slew them, Miriam, the old gray man,
Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—(nay, turn not
from me,
The tears thou sheddest feel as though I wrung them
From mine own heart, my life-blood's dearest drops)—
They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's breast,
The smiling infants ;—and the tender maid,
The soft, the loving, and the chaste, like thee,
They slew her not till——

MIRIAM.

Javan, 'tis unkind !

I have enough at home of thoughts like these,
Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and make
A heavier burthen of this weary life.
I hoped with thee t' have pass'd a tranquil hour,
A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour !
—But thou art like them all ! the miserable
Have only Heaven, where they can rest in peace,
Without being mock'd and taunted with their misery.

JAVAN:

Thou know'st it is a lover's wayward joy
To be reproach'd by her he loves, or thus
Thou would'st not speak. But 'twas not to provoke
That sweet reproof, which sounds so like to tenderness :
I would alarm thee, shock thee, but to save.
That old and secret stair, down which thou stealest
At midnight through tall grass and olive trunks,
Which cumber, yet conceal thy difficult path,
It cannot long remain secure and open ;
Nearer and closer the stern Roman winds
His trenches ; and on every side but this
Soars his imprisoning wall. Yet, yet 'tis time,
And I must bear thee with me, where are met
In Pella the neglected church of Christ.

MIRIAM.

With thee ! to fly with thee ! thou mak'st me fear
Lest all this while I have deceived my soul,
Excusing to myself our stolen meetings

By the fond thought, that for my father's life
I labour'd, bearing sustenance from thee,
Which he hath deem'd heaven-sent.

JAVAN.

Oh ! farewell then
The faithless dream, the sweet yet faithless dream,
That Miriam loves me !

MIRIAM.

Love thee ! I am here,
Here at dead midnight by the fountain's side,
Trusting thee, Javan, with a faith as fearless
As that with which the instinctive infant twines
To its mother's bosom—Love thee ! when the sounds
Of massacre are round me, when the shouts
Of frantic men in battle rack the soul
With their importunate and jarring din,
Javan, I think on thee, and am at peace.
Our famish'd maidens gaze on me, and see
That I am famish'd like themselves, as pale,
With lips as parch'd and eyes as wild, yet I

Sit patient with an enviable smile
On my wan cheeks, for then my spirit feasts
Contented on its pleasing thoughts of thee.
My very prayers are full of thee, I look
To heaven and bless thee ; for from thee I learnt
The way by which we reach the eternal mansions.
But thou, injurious Javan ! coldly doubttest !
And—Oh ! but I have said too much ! Oh ! scorn not
The immodest maid, whom thou hast vex'd to utter
What yet she scarce dared whisper to herself.

JAVAN.

Will it then cease ? will it not always sound
Sweet, musical as thus ? and wilt thou leave me ?

MIRIAM.

My father !

JAVAN.

Miriam ! is not thy father
(Oh, that such flowers should bloom on such a stock !)
The curse of Israel ? even his common name
Simon the Assassin ! of the bloody men

That hold their iron sway within yon city,
The bloodiest!

MIRIAM.

Oh cease! I pray thee cease!

Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.
Is't not so written in our Law? and He
We worship came not to destroy the Law.
Then let men rain their curses, let the storm
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,
I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
Of men upon my scatter'd bones with him.

JAVAN.

Oh, Miriam! what a fatal art hast thou
Of winding thought, word, act, to thy sole purpose;
The enamouring one even now too much enamour'd!

I must admire thee more for so denying,
Than I had dared if thou hadst fondly granted.
Thou dost devote thyself to utterest peril,
And me to deepest anguish; yet even now
Thou art lovelier to me in thy cold severity,
Flying me, leaving me without a joy,
Without a hope on earth, without thyself;
Thou art lovelier now than if thy yielding soul
Had smiled on me a passionate consent.
Go! for I see thy parting homeward look,
Go in thy beauty! like a setting star,
The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.
Go! if this dark and miserable earth
Do jealously refuse us place for meeting,
There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.
Farewell!——

And thou return'st!——

MIRIAM.

I had forgot——

The fruit, the wine——Oh! when I part from thee
How can I think of ought but thy last words?

JAVAN.

Bless thee! but we may meet again even here!
Thou look'st consent, I see it through thy tears.
Yet once again that cold sad word, Farewell!

The House of Simon.

MIRIAM.

Oh God! thou surely dost approve mine act,
For thou didst bid thy soft and silver moon
To light me back upon my intricate way.
Even o'er each shadowy thing at which I trembled
She pour'd a sober beauty, and my terror
Was mingled with a sense of calm delight.
How changed that way! when yet a laughing child,
It was my sport to thread that broken stair

That from our house leads down into the vale,
By which, in ancient days, the maidens stole
To bathe in the cool fountain's secret waters.
In each wild olive trunk, and twisted root
Of sycamore, with ivy overgrown,
I have nestled, and the flowers would seem to welcome me.
I loved it with a child's capricious love,
Because none knew it but myself. Its loneliness
I loved, for still my sole companions there,
The doves, sate murmuring in the noonday sun.
Ah! now there broods no bird of peace and love!
Even as I pass'd, a sullen vulture rose,
And heavily it flapp'd its huge wings o'er me,
As though o'ergorged with blood of Israel.

MIRIAM, SALONE.

MIRIAM.

Sister, not yet at rest?

SALONE.

At rest! at rest!

The wretched and the desperate, let them court
The dull, the dreamless, the unconscious sleep,
To lap them in its stagnant lethargy.
But oh! the bright, the rapturous disturbances
That break my haunted slumbers! Fast they come,
They crowd around my couch, and all my chamber
Is radiant with them. There I lie and bask
In their glad promise, till the oppressed spirit
Can bear no more, and I come forth to breathe
The cool free air.

MIRIAM.

Dear sister, in our state
So dark, so hopeless, dreaming still of glory!

SALONE.

Low-minded Miriam! I tell thee, oft
I have told thee, nightly do the visitations
Break on my gifted sight, more golden bright
Than the rich morn on Carmel. Of their shape,
Sister, I know not; this I only know,
That they pour o'er me like the restless waters

Of some pure cataract in the noontide sun.
There is a mingling of all glorious forms,
Of Angels riding upon cloudy thrones,
And our proud city marching all abroad
Like a crown'd conqueror o'er the trampled Gentiles.

MIRIAM.

Alas! when God afflicts us in his wrath,
'Tis sin to mock with wild untimely gladness
His stern inflictions! Else, beloved Salone,
My soul would envy thee thy mad forgetfulness,
And dote on the distraction of thy dreams
Till it imbibed the infection of their joy.

SALONE.

What mean'st thou?

MIRIAM.

Ah! thou know'st too well, Salone,
How with an audible and imperious voice
The Lord is speaking in the streets of Judah,
“Down to the dust, proud daughters of Jerusalem!
“The crownings of your head be bitter ashes,

“ Your festal garments changed to mourning sackcloth,
“ Your bridal songs fail into burial wailings.”

SALONE.

Our bridal songs! (8) Away! I know them now,
They were the rich and bursting cadences
That thrall'd mine ears. I tell thee, doubting woman!
My spirit drank the sounds of all the city.
And there were shriekings for the dead, and sobs
Of dying men, and the quick peevish moan
Of the half famish'd: there were trumpet sounds
Of arming to the battle, and the shouts
Of onset, and the fall of flaming houses
Crashing around. But in the house of Simon,
The silver lute spake to the dulcimer;
The tabret and the harp held sweet discourse;
And all along our roofs, and all about
The silence of our chambers flow'd the sweetness.
Even yet I hear them—Hark! yet, yet they sound.

MIRIAM.

Alas! we listen to our own fond hopes,

Even till they seem no more our fancy's children.
We put them on a prophet's robes, endow them
With prophets' voices, and then Heaven speaks in them,
And that which we would have be, surely shall be.

SALONE.

What, mock'st thou still? still enviously doubtest
The mark'd and favour'd of the Everlasting?

MIRIAM.

Oh gracious Lord! thou know'st she hath not eaten
For two long days, and now her troubled brain
Is full of strangeness.

SALONE.

Ha! still unbelieving!

Then, then 'tis true, what I have doubted long.
False traitress to our city, to the race,
The chosen race of Abraham! loose apostate
From Israel's faith! Believer in the Crucified!
I know thee, I abjure thee. Thou'rt no child
Of Simon's house, no sister of Salone:
I blot thee from my heart, I wipe away

All memory of our youthful pleasant hours,
Our blended sports and tasks, and joys and sorrows ;
Yea, I'll proclaim thee.

MIRIAM.

Sister ! dearest sister !
Thou seest that I cannot speak for tears.

SALONE.

Away ! thou wilt not speak, thou dar'st not,—Hark !
My father's armed footstep ! at whose tread
Sion rejoices, and the pavement stones
Of Salem shout with proud and boastful echos.
The Gentiles' scourge, the Christians'—tremble, false one !

MIRIAM, SALONE, SIMON.

SALONE.

Father !

MIRIAM.

Dear father !

SIMON.

Daughters, I have been

With Eleazar, and with John of Galilee,
The son of Sadoc. We have search'd the city,
If any rebel to our ordinance
Do traitorously withhold his private hoard
Of stolen provision from the public store.

SALONE.

And found ye any guilty of a fraud
So base on Judah's warriors?

SIMON.

Yes, my children!

There sate a woman in a lowly house,
And she had moulded meal into a cake;
And she sate weeping even in wild delight
Over her sleeping infants, at the thought
Of how their eyes would glisten to behold
The unaccustom'd food. She had not tasted
Herself the strange repast: but she had raised
The covering under which the children lay
Crouching and clinging fondly to each other,
As though the warmth that breath'd from out their bodies

Had some refreshment for their wither'd lips.
We bared our swords to slay : but subtle John
Snatch'd the food from her, trod it on the ground,
And mock'd her.

MIRIAM.

But *thou* didst not smite her, father?

SIMON.

No! we were wiser than to bless with death
A wretch like her.

But I must seek within,
If he that oft at dead of midnight placeth
The wine and fruit within our chosen house,
Hath minister'd this night to Israel's chief.

MIRIAM, SALONE.

SALONE.

Oh, Miriam! I dare not tell him now!
For even as those two infants lay together
Nestling their sleeping faces on each other,
Even so have we two lain, and I have felt

Thy breath upon my face, and every motion
Of thy soft bosom answering to mine own.

SIMON, SALONE, MIRIAM.

SIMON.

Come, daughters, I have wash'd my bloody hands,
And said my prayers, and we will eat—And thee
First will I bless, thou secret messenger,
That mine ambrosial banquet dost prepare
With gracious stealth: where'er thou art, if yet
Thy unseen presence lingers in our air,
Or walks our earth in beauty, hear me bless thee.

MIRIAM (apart).

He blesseth me! me, though he means it not!
I thought t'have heard his stern heart-withering curse,
And God hath changed it to a gentle blessing.

SIMON.

Why stands my loving Miriam aloof?
Will she not join to thank the God of Israel,

Who thus with signal mercy seals her father
His chosen captain.

MIRIAM (*apart.*)

Yet must I endure—
For if he knew it came from Christian hands,
While the ripe fruit was bursting at his lips,
While the cool wine-cup slak'd his burning throat,
He'd dash it to the earth, and trample on it;
And then he'd perish, perish in his sins——
Father, I come—but I have vow'd to sing
A hymn this night,—I'll follow thee anon.

SIMON.

Come, then, Salone; while we feast, I'll tell thee
More deeds of justice which mine arm hath wrought
Against the foes of Salem, and the renegades
That have revolted from the arms of Israel.
And thou shalt wave thy raven locks with pride
To hear the stern-told glories of thy father.

MIRIAM, *alone.*

Oh Thou! thou who canst melt the heart of stone,

And make the desert of the cruel breast
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts !
Ah ! will it ever be, that thou wilt visit
The darkness of my father's soul ? Thou knowest
In what strong bondage Zeal and ancient Faith,
Passion and stubborn Custom, and fierce Pride,
Hold th' heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful !
That knowest all things, and dost ever turn
Thine eye of pity on our guilty nature.

For thou wert born of woman ! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road ;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high :

A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky ;
The Eastern Sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came ;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes :

Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary

With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs.

For thou didst bear away from earth

But one of human birth,

The dying felon by thy side, to be

In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake ;

A little while the conscious earth did shake

At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;

A few dim hours of day

The world in darkness lay ;

Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun :

While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,

Censenting to thy doom ;

Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone

Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguings the guilty city's murderous crew ;

But thou didst haste to meet

Thy mother's coming feet,

And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.

Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise

Into thy native skies,

Thy human form dissolved on high

In its own radiancy.

The House of Simon—Break of Day.

SIMON.

The air is still and cool. It comes not yet :
I thought that I had felt it in my sleep
Weighing upon my choked and labouring breast,
That did rejoice beneath the stern oppression ;
I thought I saw its lurid gloom o'erspreading
The starless waning night. But yet it comes not,
The broad and sultry thundercloud, wherein
The God of Israel evermore pavilions
The chariot of his vengeance. I look out,
And still, as I have seen, morn after morn,
The hills of Judah flash upon my sight
The accursed radiance of the Gentile arms.

But oh ! ye sky-descending ministers,
That on invisible and soundless wing
Stoop to your earthly purposes, as swift
As rushing fire, and terrible as the wind

That sweeps the tentless desert—Ye that move
Shrouded in secrecy as in a robe,
And gloom of deepest midnight the vaunt-courier
Of your dread presence! Will ye not reveal?
Will ye not one compassionate glimpse vouchsafe,
By what dark instruments 'tis now your charge
To save the Holy City?—Lord of Israel!
Thee too I ask, with bold yet holy awe,
Which now of thy obsequious elements
Choolest thou for thy champion and thy combatant?
For well they know, the wide and deluging Waters,
The ravenous Fire, and the plague-breathing Air,
Yea, and the yawning and wide-chasmed Earth,
They know thy bidding, by fix'd habit bound
To the usage of obedience. Or the rather,
Look we in weary yet undaunted hope
For Him that is to come, the Mighty Arm,
The Wearer of the purple robe of vengeance,
The Crowned with dominion? Let him haste;
The wine-press waits the trampling of his wrath,

And Judah yearns t' unfurl the Lion banner
Before the terrible radiance of his coming.

*SIMON, JOHN, ELEAZAR, the HIGH-PRIEST, AMARIAH,
&c. &c.*

JOHN.

How, Simon! have we broken on thy privacy!
Thou wert discoursing with the spirits of air.
Now, Eleazar, were not holy Simon
The just, the merciful, the righteous Simon,
A vessel meet for the prophetic trance?
Methinks 'tis on him now!

SIMON.

Ha! John of Galilee,
Still in the taunting vein? Reserv'st thou not
The bitter overflowings of thy lips
For yon fierce Gentiles?—But I will endure.

JOHN.

And then perchance 'twill please the saintly Simon,
When he hath mumbled o'er his two-hour prayers,

That we do ope our gates, and sally forth
To combat the uncircumcised——

SIMON.

Thy scoffs
Fall on me as the thin and scattering rain
Upon our Temple. If thou art here to urge
That, with confederate valiant resolution,
We burst upon the enemies of Jerusalem;
The thunder followeth not the lightning's flash
More swiftly than my warlike execution
Shall follow the fierce trumpet of thy wrath!

JOHN.

But hast thou ponder'd well, if still there be not
Some holy fast, new moon, or rigid sabbath,
Which may excuse a tame and coward peace
For one day longer to your men of Edom?

HIGH-PRIEST.

Oh! 'tis unwise, ye sworded delegates
Of Him who watcheth o'er Jerusalem,
Thus day by day in angry quarrel meeting

To glare upon each other, and to waste
In civil strife the blood that might preserve us.
The Roman conquers, but by Jewish arms.
The torrent, that in one broad channel rolling
Bears down the labour'd obstacles of man,
The o'erstriding bridge, the fix'd and ponderous dam,
Being sever'd, in its lazy separate course
Suffers control, and stagnates to its end.
And so ye fall, because ye do disdain
To stand together—like the pines of Lebanon,
That when in one vast wood they crown the hill,
From their proud heads shake off the uninjuring tempest;
But when their single trunks stand bare and naked
Before the rushing whirlwind, one by one
It hurls the uprooted trunks into the vale.

ELEAZAR (*apart.*)

Curse on his words of peace! fall John, fall Simon,
There falls an enemy of Eleazar.

SIMON.

Now, John of Galilee, the High-Priest speaks wisely.

JOHN.

Why, ay, it is the privilege of their office,
The solemn grave distinction of their ephod.
Even such discourse as this, so calm, so sage,
Did old Mathias hold ; (9) and therefore Simon,
Unwilling that the vantage of his wisdom
Should rob our valour of its boasted fame,
Did slay him with his sons upon our wall !

SIMON.

Peace, son of Belial ! or I'll scourge thee back
To the harlot chambers of thy loose adulteries.
I slew my foe, and where's the armed man
That will behold his enemy at his feet,
And spare to set his foot upon his neck ?
The sword was given, and shall the sword not slay ?—

HIGH-PRIEST.

Break off ! break off ! I hear the Gentile horn
Winding along the wide entrenched line.
Hear ye it not ? hill answers hill, the valleys
In their deep channels lengthen out the sound.
It rushes down Jehoshaphat, the depths

Of Hinnom answer. Hark ! again they blow,
Chiding you, men of Judah, and insulting
Your bare and vacant walls, that now oppose not
Their firm array of javelin-hurling men,
Slingers, and pourers of the liquid fire.

AMARIAH.

Blow ! blow ! and rend the heavens, thou deep-voiced horn !
I hear thee, and rejoice at thee. Thou summoner
To the storm of battle, thou that dost invite
With stern and welcome importunity
The warrior soul to that high festival,
Where Valour with his armed hand administers
The cup of death !

JOHN.

Again, again it sounds ;
It doth demand a parley with our chiefs.

AMARIAH.

Ay, father ! and let Israel's chiefs reply
In the brave language of their javelin showers,
And shouts of furious onset.

JOHN.

Hold, hot boy!

That know'st not the deep luxury of scorn.
We'll meet them, Simon, but to scoff at them;
We'll dally with their hopes of base surrender,
Then mock them, till their haughty captain writhe
Beneath the keen and biting contumely.

Now, Eleazar, lead the way; brave Simon,
I follow thee—Come, men of Israel, come.

The Walls of the City.

Below—TITUS, the Roman Army, JOSEPH of Jotapata, &c.

Above—SIMON, JOHN, ELEAZAR, AMARIAH, Jews.

TITUS.

Men of Jerusalem! whose hardy zeal
And valiant patience in a cause less desperate
Might force the foe to reverence and admire;
To you thus speaks again the Queen of Earth,

All-conquering Rome!—whose kingdom is, where'er
The sunshine beams on living men; beneath
The shadow of whose throne the world reposes,
And glories in being subjected to her,
Even as 'tis subject to the immortal gods—
To you, whose mad and mutinous revolt
Hath harrow'd all your rich and pleasant land
With fiery rapine; sunk your lofty cities
To desolate heaps of monumental ashes;
Yet with that patience, which becomes the mighty,
The endurance of the lion, that disdains
The foe whose conquest bears no glory with it,
Rome doth command you to lay down your arms,
And bow the high front of your proud rebellion
Even to the common level of obedience,
That holds the rest of humankind. So doing,
Ye cancel all the dark and guilty past:
Silent Oblivion waits to wipe away
The record of your madness and your crimes;
And in the stead of bloody Vengeance claiming

Her penal due of torture, chains, and death,
Comes reconciling Mercy.

JOHN.

Mercy! Roman!

With what a humble and a modest truth
Thou dost commend thy unpresuming virtues.
Ye want not testimonies to your mildness—⁽¹⁰⁾
There, on yon lofty crosses, which surround us,
Each with a Jewish corpse sublimely rotting
On its most honourable eminence ;
There's none in all that long and ghastly avenue
Whose wind-bleach'd bones depose not of thy mercy.
We know our brethren, and we thank thee too ;
A courteous welcome hast thou given them, Roman,
Who have abandon'd us in the hour of peril.
They fled to 'scape their ruthless countrymen ;
And, in good truth, their City of Refuge seems
To have found them fair and gentle entertainment.

SIMON.

Peace, John of Galilee ! and I will answer

This purple-mantled Captain of the Gentiles ;
But in far other tone than he is wont
To hear about his silken couch of feasting
Amid his pamper'd parasites.—I speak to thee,
Titus, as warrior should accost a warrior.
The world, thou boastest, is Rome's slave ; the sun
Rises and sets upon no realm but yours ;
Ye plant your giant foot in either ocean,
And vaunt that all which ye o'erstride is Rome's.
But think ye, that because the common earth
Surfeits your pride with homage, that our land,
Our separate, peculiar, sacred land,
Portion'd and seal'd unto us by the God
Who made the round world and the crystal heavens ;
A wond'rous land, where Nature's common course
Is strange and out of use, so oft the Lord
Invades it with miraculous intervention ;
Think ye this land shall be an Heathen heritage,
An high place for your Moloch ? Haughty Gentile !
Even now ye walk on ruin and on prodigy.

The air ye breathe is heavy and o'ercharged
With your dark gathering doom ; and if our earth
Do yet in its disdain endure the footing
Of your arm'd legions, 'tis because it labours
With silent throes of expectation, waiting
The signal of your scattering. Lo ! the mountains
Bend o'er you with their huge and lowering shadows,
Ready to rush and overwhelm : the winds
Do listen panting for the tardy presence
Of Him that shall avenge. And there is scorn,
Yea, there is laughter in our fathers' tombs,
To think that Heathen conqueror doth aspire
To lord it over God's Jerusalem !
Yea, in Hell's deep and desolate abode,
Where dwell the perish'd kings, the chief of earth ;
They whose idolatrous warfare erst assail'd
The Holy City, and the chosen people ;
They wait for thee, the associate of their hopes
And fatal fall, to join their ruin'd conclave.
He whom the Red Sea 'whelm'd with all his host,

Pharaoh, the Egyptian; and the kings of Canaan;
The Philistine, the Dagon worshipper;
Moab, and Edom, and fierce Amalek;
And he of Babylon, whose multitudes,
Even on the hills where gleam your myriad spears,⁽¹¹⁾
In one brief night the invisible Angel swept
With the dark, noiseless shadow of his wing,
And morn beheld the fierce and riotous camp
One cold, and mute, and tombless cemetery,
Sennacherib: all, all are risen, are moved;
Yea, they take up the taunting song of welcome
To him who, like themselves, hath madly warr'd
'Gainst Zion's walls, and miserably fallen
Before the avenging God of Israel!

THE JEWS.

Oh, holy Simon! Oh, prophetic Simon!
Lead thou, lead thou against the Gentile host,
And we will ask no angel breath to blast them.
The valour of her children soon shall scatter
The spoiler from the rescued walls of Salem,

Even till the wolves of Palestine are glutted
With Roman carnage.

AMARIAH.

Blow, ye sacred priests,
Your trumpets, as when Jericho of old
Cast down its prostrate walls at Joshua's feet!

PLACIDUS.

Let the Jew speak, the captive of Jotapata;
Haply they'll reverence one, and him the bravest
Of their own kindred.

TERENTIUS.

See! he speaks to them;
And they do listen, though their menacing brows
Lower with a darker and more furious hate.

JOSEPH.

Yet, yet a little while—ye see me rise,
Oh, men of Israel, brethren, countrymen!
Even from the earth ye see me rise, where lone,
And sorrowful, and fasting, I have sate
These three long days; sad sackcloth on the limbs

Which once were wont to wear a soldier's raiment,
And ashes on the head, which ye of old
Did honour, when its helmed glories shone
Before you in the paths of battle. Hear me,
Ye that, as I, adore the Law, the Prophets;
And at the ineffable thrice-holiest name
Bow down your awe-struck foreheads to the ground.
I am not here to tell you, men of Israel,
That it is madness to contend with Rome;
That it were wisdom to submit and follow
The common fortunes of the universe;
For ye would answer, that 'tis glorious madness
To stand alone amid the enslaved world
Freedom's last desperate champions: ye would answer,
That the slave's wisdom to the free-born man
Is basest folly. Oh, my countrymen!
Before no earthly king do I command you
To fall subservient, not all-conquering Cæsar,
But in a mightier name I summon you,
The King of Kings! He, he is manifest

In the dark visitation that is on you.

'Tis He, whose loosed and raging ministers,

Wild War, gaunt Famine, leprous Pestilence,

But execute his delegated wrath.

Yea, by the fulness of your crimes, 'tis He.

Alas! shall I weep o'er thee, or go down

And grovel in the dust, and hide myself

From mine own shame? Oh, thou defiled Jerusalem!

That drinkest thine own blood as from a fountain;

That hast piled up the fabric of thy guilt

To such portentous height, that earth is darken'd

With its huge shadow—that dost boast the monuments

Of murder'd prophets, and dost make the robes

Of God's High-priest a title and a claim

To bloodiest slaughter—thou that every day

Dost trample down the thunder-given Law,

Even with the pride and joy of him that treads

The purple vintage—And oh thou, our Temple!

That wert of old the Beauty of Holiness,

The chosen, unapproachable abode

Of Him which dwelt between the cherubim,

Thou art a charnel-house, and sepulchre
Of slaughter'd men, a common butchery
Of civil strife ;—and hence proclaim I, brethren,
It is the Lord who doth avenge his own :
The Lord, who gives you over to the wicked,
That ye may perish by their wickedness.

Oh ! ye that do disdain to be Rome's slaves,
And yet are sold unto a baser bondage,
One that, like iron, eats into your souls.
Robbers, and Zealots, and wild Edomites !
Yea, these are they that sit in Moses' seat,
Wield Joshua's sword, and fill the throne of David ;
Yea, these are they——

AMARIAH.

I'll hear no more—the foe
Claims from our lips the privilege of reply.
Here is our answer to the renegade,
A javelin to his pale and coward heart !⁽¹²⁾

JOSEPH.

I am struck, but not to death ! that yet is wanting
To Israel's guilt,

JEWS.

Oh, noble Amariah !

Well hast thou spoken ! well hast thou replied !

Lead—lead—we'll follow noble Amariah !

TITUS.

Now, Mercy, to the winds ! I cast thee off—

My soul's forbidden luxury, I abjure thee !

Thou much-abused attribute of gods

And godlike men. 'Twas nature's final struggle ;

And now, whate'er thou art, thou unseen prompter !

That in the secret chambers of my soul

Darkly abidest, and hast still rebuked

The soft compunctious weakness of mine heart,

I here surrender thee myself. Now wield me

Thine instrument of havoc and of horror,

Thine to the extremest limits of revenge ;

Till not a single stone of yon proud city

Remain ; and even the vestiges of ruin

Be utterly blotted from the face of earth !

*Streets of Jerusalem near the Inner Wall.**MIRIAM, SALONE.*

MIRIAM.

Sweet sister, whither in such haste?

SALONE.

And know'st thou not

My customary seat, where I look down

And see the glorious battle deepen round me?

Oh! it is spirit-stirring to behold

The crimson garments waving in the dust,

The eagles glancing in the clouded sunshine.

MIRIAM.

Salone! in this dark and solemn hour,

Were it not wiser that the weak and helpless,

Bearing their portion in the common danger,

Should join their feeble efforts to defend—

Should be upon their knees in fervent prayer
Unto the Lord of Battles?

SALONE.

Yes; I know
That Zion's daughters are set forth to lead
Their suppliant procession to the gates
Of the Holy Temple. But Salone goes
Where she may see the God whom they adore
In the stern deeds of valiant men, that war
To save that Temple from the dust.

Behold!

I mount my throne, and here I sit the queen
Of the majestic tumult that beneath me
Is maddening into conflict. Lo! I bind
My dark locks, that they spread not o'er my sight.
Now flash the bright sun from your gleaming arms,
Shake it in broad sheets from your banner folds,
Mine eyes will still endure the blaze, and pierce
The thickest!

MIRIAM.

And thou hast no tears to blind thee?

SALONE.

Behold! behold! from Olivet they pour,
Thousands on thousands, in their martial order.
Kedron's dark valley, like Gennesareth,
When over it the cold moon shines through storms,
Topping its dark waves with uncertain light,
Is tossing with wild plumes and gleaming spears.
Solemnly the stern lictors move, and brandish
Their rod-bound axes; and the eagles seem,
With wings dispread, to watch their time for swooping!
The towers are moving on; and lo! the engines,
As though instinct with life, come heavily labouring
Upon their ponderous wheels; they nod destruction
Against our walls. Lo! lo, our gates fly open:
There Eleazar—there the mighty John—
Ben Cathla there, and Edom's crested sons.
Oh! what a blaze of glory gathers round them!
How proudly move they in invincible strength!

MIRIAM.

And thou canst speak thus with a steadfast voice,
When in one hour may death have laid in the dust
Those breathing, moving, valiant multitudes?

SALONE.

And thou! oh thou, that movest to the battle
Even like the mountain stag to the running river,
Pause, pause, that I may gaze my fill!—

MIRIAM.

Our father!

Salone! is't our father that thou seest?

SALONE.

Lo! lo! the war hath broken off to admire him!
The glory of his presence awes the conflict!
The son of Cæsar on his armed steed
Rises, impatient of the plumed helmets
That from his sight conceal young Amariah.

MIRIAM.

Alas! what means she? Hear me yet a word!

I will return ere the wounded men

Require our soft and healing hands to soothe them.

Thou'lt not forget, Salone—if thou seest

Our father in the fearful hour of peril,

Lift up thy hands and pray.

SALONE.

To gaze on him—

It is like gazing on the morning sun,

When he comes scattering from his burning orb

The vapourish clouds!

MIRIAM.

She hears, she heeds me not.

And here's a sight and sound to me more welcome

Than the wild fray of men who slay and die—

Our maidens on their way to the Holy Temple.

I'll mingle with them, and I'll pray with them;

But through a name, by them unknown or scorn'd,

My prayers shall mount to heaven.

Behold them here!

Behold them, how unlike to what they were!

Oh! virgin daughters of Jerusalem!

Ye were a garden once of Hermon's lilies,
That bashfully upon their tremulous stems
Bow to the wooing breath of the sweet spring.
Graceful ye were ! there needed not the tone
Of tabret, harp, or lute, to modulate
Your soft harmonious footsteps ; your light tread
Fell like a natural music. Ah ! how deeply
Hath the cold blight of misery prey'd upon you.
How heavily ye drag your weary footsteps,
Each like a mother mourning her one child.
Ah me ! I feel it almost as a sin,
To be so much less sad, less miserable.

CHORUS.

King of Kings ! and Lord of Lords !

Thus we move, our sad steps timing

To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,

Where thy House its rest accords.

Chased and wounded birds are we,

Through the dark air fled to thee ;

To the shadow of thy wings,
Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!

Behold, oh Lord! the Heathen tread⁽¹³⁾

The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.

And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of thine hand,
Thou still wilt save thy chosen land!
By all thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scatter'd on the Red Sea coast;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying,
Israel pour'd her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flow'd,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their fathers' God they pray'd,
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;
And the summon'd east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gather'd waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,

Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord look'd down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;

Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows roll'd.
As the level waters spread
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,
To him, the King of Kings! that in the sea,
The Lord of Lords! had triumph'd gloriously.

And our timbrels' flashing chords,
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!

Shall they not attuned be

Once again to victory?

Lo! a glorious triumph now!

Lo! against thy people come

A mightier Pharaoh! wilt not thou

Craze the chariot wheels of Rome?

Will not, like the Red Sea wave,

Thy stern anger overthrow?

And from worse than bondage save,

From sadder than Egyptian woe,

Those whose silver cymbals glance,

Those who lead the suppliant dance,

Thy race, the only race that sings

Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!

Streets of Jerusalem—Evening.

MIRIAM.

Ah me ! ungentle Eve, how long thou lingerest !
Oh ! when it was a grief to me to lose
Yon azure mountains, and the lovely vales
That from our city walls seem wandering on
Under the cedar-tufted precipices ;
With what an envious and a hurrying swiftness
Didst thou descend, and pour thy mantling dews
And dew-like silence o'er the face of things ;
Shrouding each spot I loved the most with suddenest
And deepest darkness ; making mute the groves
Where the birds nestled under the still leaves !
But now, how slowly, heavily thou fallest !
Now, when thou mightest hush the angry din
Of battle, and conceal the murtherous foes
From mutual slaughter, and pour oil and wine

Into the aching hurts of wounded men !
But is it therefore only that I chide thee
With querulous impatience ? will the night
Once more, the secret, counsel-keeping night,
Veil the dark path which leads to Siloe's fountain ?
Which leads—why should I blush to add—to Javan ?

Oh thou, my teacher ! I forgot thee not
This morning in the Temple—I forgot not
The name thou taught'st me to adore, nor thee——

But what have I to do with thoughts like these,
While all around the stunning battle roars
Like a gorged lion o'er his mangled prey ?
Alas ! alas ! but the human appetite
For shedding blood,—that is insatiate !
—Time was, that if I heard a sound of arms,
My heart would shudder, and my limbs would fail.
When, to have seen a dying man had been
A dark event, that with its fearful memory
Had haunted many a sad and sleepless night.
But now—now——

SALONE, MIRIAM.

MIRIAM.

Sister! my Salone! Sister!

Why art thou flying with that frantic mien,
Thy veil cast back and streaming with thine hair?
Oh, harbinger of misery! I read
A sad disastrous story in thy face;
'Tis o'er, and God hath given the city of David
Unto the stranger.

SALONE.

Oh! not yet; our wall,
Our last, our strongest wall, is still unshaken,
Though the fierce engines with their brazen heads
Strike at it sternly and incessantly.

MIRIAM.

Then God preserve the lost! and oh, our father!

SALONE.

All is not lost! for Amariah stands

Amid the rushing sheets of molten fire,
Even like an Angel in the flaming centre
Of the sun's noontide orb——

Hark! hark!—who comes?

SIMON.

Back—back—I say, by——

MIRIAM.

'Tis my father's voice!

It sounds in wrath, perhaps in blasphemy;
Yet 'tis my living father's voice——He's here.

SIMON, MIRIAM, SALONE.

SIMON.

Now may your native towers rush o'er your heads
With horrible downfall, may the treacherous stones
Start underneath your footing, cast you down,
For the iron wheels of vengeance to rush o'er you—
Flight! flight! still flight!—Oh, infidel renegades!

The above, JOHN, AMARIAH, HIGH-PRIEST, &c.

SIMON.

Now, by the living God of Israel, John !
Your silken slaves, your golden-sandal'd men,—
Your men ! I should have said, your girls of Galilee !—
They will not soil their dainty hands with blood.
Their myrrh-dew'd locks are all too smoothly curl'd
To let the riotous and dishevelling airs
Of battle violate their crisped neatness.
Oh ! their nice mincing steps are all unfit
To tread the red and slippery paths of war ;
Yet they can trip it lightly when they turn
To fly——

JOHN.

Thou lying and injurious Pharisee !
For every man of thine that in the trenches
Hardly hath consented to lay down his life,
Twice ten of mine have leap'd from off the walls,

Grappling a Gentile by the shivering helm,

And proudly died upon his dying foe.

But tell thou me, thou only faithful Simon!

Where are the men of Edóm, whom we saw

Stretching their amicable hands in parley,

And quietly mingling with the unharmed foe?

SIMON.

Where are they? where the traitors meet, where all

The foes of Simon and Jerusalem,

In th' everlasting fire! I slew them, John,—

Thou saw'st my red hand glorious with their blood.

JOHN.

False traitors! in their very treachery false!

They would betray without their lord—In truth,

Treason, like empire, brooks not rivalry.

SIMON.

Now, by the bones of Abraham our father,

I do accuse thee here, false John of Galilee!

Or, if the title please thee, John the Tyrant!

Here, in our arm'd, embattled Sanhedrim,

Thou art our fall's prime cause, and fatal origin!
From thee, as from a foul and poisonous fount,
Pour the black waters of calamity
O'er Judah's land! God hates thee, man of Belial!
And the destroying bolts that fall on thee
From the insulted heavens, blast all around thee
With spacious and unsparing desolation.
Hear me, ye men of Israel! do ye wonder
That all your baffled valour hath recoil'd
From the fierce Gentile onset? that your walls
Are prostrate, and your last hath scarce repell'd
But now the flush'd invader? 'Tis from this—
That the Holy City will not be defended
By womanish men, and loose adulterers.
Hear me, I say, this son of Gischala,
This lustful tyrant, hath he not defiled
Your daughters, in the open face of day
Done deeds of shame, which midnight hath no darkness
So deep as to conceal? It is his pride
T' offend high heaven with crimes before unknown—

Hath he not mock'd the austere and solemn fasts,
And sabbaths of our Law, by revellings
And most heaven-tainting wantonness? Yea, more,
Hath he not made God's festivals a false
And fraudulent pretext for his deeds of guilt?
Yea, on the day of the Unleavened Bread,
Even in the garb and with the speech of worship,
Went he not up into the very Temple? (14)
And there before the Veil, even in the presence
Of th' Holy of Holies, did he not break forth
With armed and infuriate violence?
Then did the pavement, which was never red
But with the guiltless blood of sacrifice,
Reek with the indelible and thrice-foulest stain
Of human carnage. Yea, with impious steel
He slew the brethren that were kneeling with him
At the same altar, uttering the same prayers.
(Speak, Eleazar, was't not so?—thou dar'st not
Affirm, nor canst deny thine own betrayal.)
And since that cursed hour of guilty triumph

There hath he held the palace of his lusts, ⁽¹⁵⁾
Turning God's Temple to a grove of Belial :
Even till men wonder that the pillars start not
From their fix'd sockets ; that the offended roof
Fall not at once, and crush in his own shame
The blasphemous invader. Yea, not yet,
I have not fathom'd yet his depth of sin.
His common banquet is the Bread of Offering,
The vessels of the altar are the cups
From which he drains his riotous drunkenness.
The incense, that was wont to rise to heaven
Pure as an infant's breath, now foully stagnates
Within the pestilent haunts of his lasciviousness.
Can these things be, and yet our favour'd arms
Be clad with victory? Can the Lord of Israel
For us, the scanty remnant of his worshippers,
Neglect to vindicate his tainted shrine,
His sanctuary profaned, his outraged Laws?

JOHN.

Methinks, if Simon had but fought to-day

As valiantly as Simon speaks, the foe
Had never seen to-morrow's onset—

SIMON.

Brethren,

Yet I demand your audience——

JEWS.

Hear him ! hear

The righteous Simon !

SIMON.

Men of Israel !

Why stand ye thus in wonder ? where the root
Is hollow, can the tree be sound ? Man's deeds
Are as man's doctrines ; and who hopes for ought
But wantonness and foul iniquity
From that blaspheming and heretical sect,
The serpent spawn of Sadoc, that corrupt
The Law of Moses and disdain the Prophets ?
That grossly do defraud the eternal soul
Of its immortal heritage, and doom it
To rot for ever with its kindred clay

In the grave's deep unbroken prison-house?
Yea, they dispeople with their infidel creed
Heaven of its holy Angels; laugh to scorn
That secret band of ministering Spirits;
That therefore, in their indignation, stand
Aloof, and gaze upon our gathering ruin
With a contemptuous and pitiless scorn.
They that were wont to range around our towers
Their sunlight-wing'd battalia, and to war
Upon our part with adamantine arms.

JOHN.

Oh! impotent and miserable arguer!
Will he that values not the stake as boldly
Confront the peril as the man that feels
His all upon the hazard? Men of Galilee,
The cup of life hath sparkled to our lips,
And we have drain'd its tide of love and joy,
Till our veins almost burst with o'erwrought rapture.
And well we know, that generous cup, once dash'd,
Shall never mantle more to the cold lips

Of the earth-bound dead. And therefore do we fight
For life as for a mistress, that being lost,
Is lost for ever. To be what we are
Is all we hope or pray for; think ye, then,
That we shall tamely yield the contest up,
And calmly acquiesce in our extinction?
We know that there stands yawning at our feet
The gulf, where dark Annihilation dwells
With Solitude, her sister; and we fix
Our stedfast footing on the perilous verge,
And grapple to the last with the fierce foe
That seeks to plunge us down; and where's the strength
That can subdue despair?—For the other charge,
We look not, Simon, to the sky, nor pray
For sightless and impalpable messengers
To spare us the proud peril of the war.
Ourselves are our own Angels! we implore not
Or supernatural or spiritual aid;
We have our own good arms, that God hath given us,
And valiant hearts to wield those mighty arms.

SIMON.

Oh heavens! oh heavens, ye hear it, and endure it!
Outwearied by the all-frequent blasphemy
To an indignant patience: and the Just
Still, still must suffer the enforced alliance
Of men whose fellowship is death and ruin.

JOHN.

Why, thou acknowledged Prince of Murderers!
Captain Assassin! Lord and Chief of Massacre!
That pourest blood like water, yet dost deem
That thou canst wash the foul and scarlet stain
From thy polluted soul, as easily
As from thy dainty ever-dabbling hands,
That wouldst appease with rite and ordinance,
And festival, and slavish ceremony,
And prayers that weary even the stones thou kneel'st on,
The God whose image hourly thou effacest
With mangling and remorseless steel! 'Tis well
That graves are silent, and that dead men's souls
Assert not the proud privilege thou wouldst give them;

For if they did, Heaven's vaults would ring so loudly
With imprecations 'gainst the righteous Simon,
That they would pluck by force a plague upon us,
To which the Roman, and the wasting famine,
Were soft and healing mercies.

SIMON.

Liar and slave!

There is no rich libation to the All-Just
So welcome as the blood of renegades
And traitors——

MIRIAM (*apart.*)

Oh! I dare not listen longer!

The big drops stand upon his brow; his voice
Is faint and fails, and there's no food at home.
The night is dark—I'll go once more, or perish.

[*Departs unperceived.*]

SIMON.

What, John of Galilee! because my voice
Is hoarse with speaking of thy crimes, dost scoff,
And wag thy head at me, and answer laughter?

Now, if thy veins run not pure gall, I'll broach
Their tide, and prove if all my creed be false ;
If traitors' reeking blood smell not to heaven
Like a sweet sacrifice.

JOHN.

Why, ay ! the victim
Is bound to th' horns of th' altar ! Strike, I say,
He waits thee—Strike !

HIGH-PRIEST.

Hold, Chiefs of Israel !

Just Simon ! valiant John ! once more I dare
To cast myself between you, the High-Priest,
Who by his holy office calls on you
To throw aside your trivial private wrongs,
And vindicate offence more rank and monstrous.
Avenge your God ! and then avenge yourselves !
The Temple is polluted—Israel's Lord
Mock'd in his presence. Prayers even thence have risen,
Prayers from the jealous holy Sanctuary,
Even to the Crucified Man our fathers slew.

JEWS.

The Crucified ! the Man of Nazareth !

HIGH-PRIEST.

This morn, as wont, our maidens had gone up
To chant their suppliant hymn ; and they had raised
The song that Israel on the Red Sea shore
Took up triumphant ; and they clos'd the strain,
That, like th' Egyptian and his car-borne host,
The billows of Heaven's wrath might overwhelm
The Gentile foe, and so preserve Jerusalem ;
When at the close and fall a single voice
Linger'd upon the note, with, " Be it done
" Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son."
My spirit shrank within me ; horror-struck,
I listen'd ; all was silence ! Then again
I look'd upon the veiled damsels, all
With one accord took up the swelling strain
To him that triumph'd gloriously. I turn'd
To the Ark and Mercy Seat, and then again
I heard that single, soft, melodious voice,

“ Lord of Mercies be it done,
“ Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son.”
Here, then, assembled Lords of Israel,
Whoever be the victim, I demand her ;
Your wisdom must detect, your justice wreak
Fit punishment upon the accursed sacrilege.

SALONE (*apart.*)

Miriam ! Miriam ! Ha !—She’s fled.—Guilt ! Guilt
Prophetic of the damning accusation
It doth deserve ! Apostate ! ’twere a sin
Against Jerusalem and Heaven to spare thee !

HIGH-PRIEST.

I do commend you, brethren, for your silence !
I see the abhorrence labouring in your hearts,
Too deep and too infuriate for words.

SIMON.

Now, if it were my child, my Sarah’s child,
The child that she died blessing, I’d not sleep
Till the stones crush her. Yea, thus, thus I’d grasp,

And hurl destruction on her guilty head.

Here, John, I pledge mine hand to thee, till vengeance

Seize on the false and insolent blasphemer.

(SALONE, *half unveiled, rushing forward, stops irresolutely.*)

Their eyes oppress me—my heart chokes my voice—

And my lips cling together——Oh! my mother,

Upon thy death-bed didst thou not beseech us

To love each other!

HIGH-PRIEST.

Veiled maid, what art thou?

SALONE.

Off! off! the blood of Abraham swells within me—

As I cast down my veil, I cast away

All fear, all tenderness, all fond remorse.

It is too good a death for one so guilty

To perish for Jerusalem——

[*She stands unveiled.*]

SIMON.

Salone!

HIGH-PRIEST.

The admired daughter of the noble Simon!

VOICE AT A DISTANCE.

Israel! Israel!

HIGH-PRIEST.

Who is this, that speaks

With such a shrilling accent of command?

VOICE.

Israel! Israel!

JEWS.

Back! give place! the Prophet!

ABIRAM (*the false prophet.*)

Israel! Israel!

HIGH-PRIEST.

Peace!

ABIRAM.

Ay! peace, I say!

The wounds are bound; the blood is stanch'd! and hate

Is turn'd to love! and rancorous jealousy

To kindred concord! and the clashing swords

To bridal sounds! the fury of the feud
To revel and the jocund nuptial feast.

HIGH-PRIEST.

What means Abiram?

ABIRAM.

It is from on High.

Brave Amariah, son of John! Salone,
Daughter of Simon! thus I join their hands;
And thus I bless the wedded and the beautiful!
And thus I bind the Captains of Jerusalem
In the strong bonds of unity and peace.—

And where is now the wine for the bridegroom's rosy
cup? (16)

And the tabret and the harp for the chamber of the bride?
Lo! bright as burnish'd gold the lamps are sparkling up,
And the odours of the incense are breathing far and
wide;
And the maidens' feet are glancing in the virgins'
wedding train;
And the sad streets of Salem are alive with joy again!

THE JEWS.

Long live Salone! Long live Amariah!

SALONE.

Am I awake?—how came I here unveil'd
Among the bold and glaring eyes of men?

THE JEWS.

Long live Salone! Long live Amariah!

SIMON.

He speaks from Heaven—accept'st thou, John of Galilee,
Heaven's terms of peace?

JOHN.

From earth or heaven, I care not—
What says my boy?

AMARIAH.

Oh! rather let me ask,
What says the maid? Oh! raven-hair'd Salone,
Why dost thou crowd thy jealous veil around thee?
Look on me freely; beauteous in thy freedom;
As when this morn I saw thee, on our walls,
Thy hair cast back, and bare thy marble brow

To the bright wooing of the enamour'd sun :
They were my banner, Beauty, those dark locks ;
And in the battle 'twas my pride, my strength,
To think that eyes like thine were gazing on me.

SALONE.

Oh no, thou saw'st me not!—Oh, Amariah !
What Prophets speak must be fulfill'd. 'Twere vain
T' oppose at once the will of Heaven—and thee.

JOHN.

Now, if there be enough of generous food,
A cup of wine in all the wasted city,
We'll have a jocund revel.

SIMON.

Prophet Abiram,

I have a question for thy secret ear.
Thou man, whose eyes are purged from earthly film,
Seest thou no further down the tide of time ?
Beyond this bridal nothing?—Answer me !
For it should seem this designated union
Of two so noble, this conspiring blood

Of Israel's chiefs, portends some glorious fruit
To ripen in the deep futurity.

ABIRAM.

Simon, what meanest thou?

SIMON.

The Hope of Israel!

Shall it not dawn from darkness? Oh! begot
In Judah's hour of peril, and conceived
In her extreme of agony, what birth
So meet and fitting for the great Discomfiter?

ABIRAM.

A light falls on me.

SIMON.

Prophet! what shall dye

The robe of purple with so bright a grain
As Roman blood? Before our gates are met
The lords of empire, and our walls may laugh
Their siege to scorn, even till the BRANCH be grown
That's not yet planted—Yea, the wrested sceptre
Of earth, the sole dominion—Back, Abiram,

To thy prophetic cave—kneel, pray, fast, weep;
And thou shalt bless us with far nobler tidings,
And we will kiss thy feet, thou Harbinger
Of Judah's glory——

Now lead on the Bridal.

Blow trumpets! shout, exulting Israel!
Shout Amariah! shout again Salome!
Shout louder yet, the Bridegroom and the Bride!
Rejoice, oh Zion, now on all thy hills!
City of David, through thy streets rejoice!

Fountain of Siloe—Night—An approaching Storm.

MIRIAM.

He is not here ! and yet he might have known
That the cold gloom of the tempestuous skies
Could never change a faithful heart like mine.
He might have known me not a maid to love
Under the melting moonlight, and soft stars,
And to fall off in darkness and in storm.
Ah ! seal'd for ever be my slanderous lips !
Alas ! it is the bitterest pang of misery
That it will force from us unworthy doubts
Of the most tried and true. Oh, Javan, Javan !
It was but now that with presumptuous heart
I did repine against the all-gracious heavens,
That wrapt me round in charitable darkness,
Because my erring feet had well-nigh miss'd
Their known familiar path.

JAVAN, MIRIAM.

JAVAN.

What's there? I see
A white and spirit-like gleaming—It must be!
I see her not, yet feel that it is Miriam,
By the indistinct and dimly visible grace
That haunts her motions; by her tread, that falls
Trembling and soft like moonlight on the earth.
What dost thou here? now—now? where every moment
The soldiers prowl, and meeting centinels
Challenge each other? I have watch'd for thee
As prisoners for the hour of their deliverance;
Yet did I pray, love! that thou might'st not come,
Even that thou might'st be faithless to thy vows,
Rather than meet this peril——Miriam,
Why art thou here?

MIRIAM.

Does Javan ask me why?

Because I saw my father pine with hunger—
Because—I never hope to come again.

JAVAN.

Too true! this night, this fatal night, if Heaven
Strike not their conquering host, the foe achieves
His tardy victory. Round the shatter'd walls
There is the smother'd hum of preparation.
With stealthy footsteps, and with muffled arms,
Along the trenches, round the lowering engines,
I saw them gathering: men stood whispering men,
As though revealing some portentous secret;
At every sound cried, Hist! and look'd reproachfully
Upon each other. Now and then a light
From some far part of the encircling camp
Breaks suddenly out, and then is quench'd as suddenly.
The forced unnatural quiet, that pervades
Those myriads of arm'd and sleepless warriors,
Presages earthly tempest; as yon clouds,
That in their mute and ponderous blackness hang

Over our heads, a tumult in the skies—
The earth and heaven alike are terribly calm.

MIRIAM.

Alas! alas! give me the food! let's say
Farewell as fondly as a dying man
Should say it to a dying woman!

JAVAN.

Miriam!

It shall not be. *He, He* hath given command,
That when the signs are manifest, we should flee⁽¹⁷⁾
Unto the mountains*.

MIRIAM.

Javan, tempt me not,
My soul is weak. Hast thou not said of old,
How dangerous 'tis to wrest the words of truth
To the excusing our own fond desires?
There's an eternal mandate, unrepeal'd,
Nor e'er to be rescinded, "Love thy Father!"
God speaks with many voices; one in the heart,

* Matt. xxiv. 16.

True though instinctive ; one in the Holy Law,
The first that's coupled with a gracious promise.

JAVAN.

Yet are his words, " Leave all, and follow me,
" Thou shalt not love thy father more than me"—*
Dar'st disobey them ?

MIRIAM.

Javan, while I tread
The path of duty I am following him,
And loving whom I ought to love, love him.

JAVAN.

If thou couldst save or succour—if this night
Were not the last—

MIRIAM.

Oh, dearest, think awhile !

It matters little at what hour o' the day,
The righteous falls asleep, death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die :
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven,

* Matt. x. 7.

The briefer life, the earlier immortality.
But every moment to the man of guilt
And bloodshed, one like——ah me! like my father,
Each instant rescued from the grasp of death,
May be a blessed chosen opportunity
For the everlasting mercy—Think what 'tis
For time's minutest period to delay
An infidel's death, a murderer's——

JAVAN.

Go! go, dearest!

If I were dying, I would have thee go—
Oh! thou inspher'd, unearthly loveliness!
Danger may gather round thee, like the clouds
Round one of heaven's pure stars, thou'lt hold within
Thy course unsullied.

MIRIAM.

This is worse than all!

Oh! mock not thus with wild extravagant praise
A very weak and most unworthy girl.
Javan, one last, one parting word with thee—

There have been times, when I have said light words,
As maidens use, that made thy kind heart bleed ;
There have been moments, when I have seen thee sad,
And I have cruelly sported with thy sadness :
I have been proud, oh ! very proud, to hear
Thy fond lips dwell on beauty, when thine eyes
Were on this thin and wasted form of mine.
Forgive me, oh ! forgive me, for I deem'd
The hour would surely come, when the fond bride
Might well repay the maiden's waywardness.
Oh ! look not thus o'erjoy'd, for if I thought
We e'er could meet again this side the grave,
Trust me, I had been charier of my tenderness.
Yet one word more—I do mistrust thee, Javan,
Though coldly thou dost labour to conceal it ;
Thou hast some frantic scheme to risk for mine
Thy precious life—Beseech thee, heap not thou
More sorrows on the o'erburthen'd.

JAVAN.

Think'st thou, then,

I have no trust but in this arm of flesh
To save thee?

MIRIAM.

Oh, kind Javan! pray not thou
That I may live, that is too wild a prayer;
That I may die unspotted, be thy suit
To Him who loves the spotless.

JAVAN.

Ha—the thought!
It pierces like a sword into my heart!

MIRIAM.

And think'st thou mine unwounded?—Fare thee well!
Our presence does but rack each other's souls.
Farewell! and if thou lovest when I am dead,
May she be to thee, all I hoped to be.

JAVAN.

Go—go—

MIRIAM.

Thou bidst me part, and yet detain'st me
With clinging grasp—ah no, 'tis I clasp thee.

I knew not that my fond unconscious hand
Had been so bold—Oh, Javan! ere the morn
'T will have no power t' offend thee—'t will be cold.

JAVAN.

Offend me! Miriam, when thou'rt above
Among the Saints; and I in the sinful world,
How terrible 'twill be if I should forfeit
The hope of meeting thee in blessedness.

MIRIAM.

Forfeit! with faith like thine?

JAVAN.

Thou well rebukest me.
To thy Redeemer I commit thee now,
To leave thee here, or take thee to himself.
Farewell, farewell! the life of this sad heart,—
Dearer than life—I look for thee, and lo!
Nought but blind darkness——

Save where yon mad city,
As though at peace and in luxurious joy,
Is hanging out her bright and festive lamps.

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Pour'd o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.
And I—can I refrain from weeping? Yes,
My country, in thy darker destiny
Will I awhile forget mine own distress.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour ;

The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more ;

Her tale of splendor now is told and done :
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

Oh! fair and favour'd city, where of old

The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
In vestments flaming with the orient gold ;
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,
The Heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet ;
 How proud the elders in the lofty gate !
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-rob'd Levites and high-mitred Priests ;
 How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state !
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves ;
Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentile's scorn,
By stealth her Priesthood's holy garments worn ;
And where her Temple crown'd the glittering rock,
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin ?
When come the avengers of proud Judah's sin ?—
Aceldama ! accurs'd and guilty ground,
Gird well the city in thy dismal bound,
 Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou ;
Let every ancient monument and tomb
Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,
 Their spacious chambers all are wanted now.

But nevermore shall yon lost city need
Those secret places for her future dead ;
Of all her children, when this night is pass'd,
Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last,
Of all her children none is left to her,
Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee ?

Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation ?
Look down ! look down, avenged Calvary,

Upon thy late yet dreadful expiation.

Oh ! long foretold, though slow accomplish'd fate,
“ Her house is left unto her desolate ;”

Proud Cæsar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven,
Fulfil at length the tardy doom of heaven ;
The wrathful vial's drops at length are pour'd
On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord !

*Streets of Jerusalem—Night.**Many JEWS meeting.*

FIRST JEW.

Saw ye it, father? saw ye what the city
Stands gazing at? As I pass'd through the streets,
There were pale women wandering up and down;
And on the house-tops there were haggard faces
Turn'd to the heavens, where'er the ghostly light
Fell on them. Even the prowling plunderers,
That break our houses for suspected food,
Their quick and stealthful footsteps check, and gasp
In wonder. They, that in deep weariness,
Or wounded in the battle of the morn,
Had cast themselves to slumber on the stones,
Lift up their drowsy heads, and languidly
Do shudder at the sight.

SECOND JEW.

What sight? what say'st thou?

FIRST JEW.

The star, the star, the fiery-tressed star,
That all this fatal year hath hung in the heavens
Above us, gleaming like a bloody sword,
Twice hath it moved. Men cried aloud, "A tempest!"
And there was blackness, as of thunder clouds:
But yet that angry sign glared fiercely through them,
And the third time, with slow and solemn motion,
'Twas shaken and brandish'd.

SECOND JEW.

Timorous boy! thou speak'st
As though these things were strange. Why now we sleep
With prodigies ablaze in all the heavens,
And the earth teeming with portentous signs,
As sound as when the moon and constant stars
Beam'd quietly upon the slumbering earth
Their customary fires. Dost thou remember,
At Pentecost, when all the land of Judah

Stood round the Altar, at the dead of night,
A Light broke out, and all the Temple shone
With the meteorous glory? 'twas not like
The light of sun or moon, but it was clear
And bright as either, only that it wither'd
Men's faces to a hue like death.

THIRD JEW.

'Twas strange!

And, if I err not, on that very day,
The Priest led forth the spotless sacrifice,
And as he led it, it fell down, and cast
Its young upon the sacred pavement.

FOURTH JEW.

Brethren,

Have ye forgot the eve, when war broke out
Even in the heavens? all the wide northern sky
Was rocking with arm'd men and fiery chariots.
With an abrupt and sudden noiselessness,
Wildly, confusedly they cross'd and mingled,
As when the Red Sea waves dash'd to and fro
The crazed cars of Pharaoh——

THIRD JEW.

Who comes here
In his white robes so hastily?

FIRST JEW.

'Tis the Levite,
The Holy Aaron.

LEVITE.

Brethren! Oh, my Brethren!

THE JEWS.

Speak, Rabbi, all our souls thirst for thy words.

LEVITE.

But now within the Temple, as I minister'd,
There was a silence round us; the wild sounds
Of the o'erwearied war had fallen asleep.
A silence, even as though all earth were fix'd
Like us in adoration, when the gate,
The Eastern gate, with all its ponderous bars
And bolts of iron, started wide asunder,
And all the strength of man doth vainly toil
To close the stubborn and rebellious leaves.

FIRST JEW.

What now?

ANOTHER JEW.

What now! why all things sad and monstrous.
The Prophets stand aghast, and vainly seek,
Amid the thronging and tumultuous signs
Which crowd this wild disastrous night, the intent
Of the Eternal. Wonder breaks o'er wonder,
As clouds roll o'er each other in the skies;
And Terror, wantoning with man's perplexity,
No sooner hath infix'd the awed attention
On some strange prodigy, than it straight distracts it
To a stranger and more fearful.

THIRD JEW.

Hark! what's there?

Fresh horror!——

(*At a distance.*)

To the sound of timbrels sweet,⁽¹⁸⁾

Moving slow our solemn feet,

We have borne thee on the road,
To the virgin's blest abode ;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceast ;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door ;
That the favour'd youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din,
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

SECOND JEW.

It is the bridal song of Amariah
 And fair Salone. In the house of Simon
 The rites are held; nor bears the Bridegroom home
 His plighted Spouse, but there doth deck his chamber;
 These perilous times dispensing with the rigor
 Of ancient usage——

VOICE WITHIN.

Woe! woe! woe!

FIRST JEW.

Alas!

The son of Hananiah! is't not he?

THIRD JEW.

Whom said'st?

SECOND JEW.

Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
 That thou rememberest not that fearful man?

FOURTH JEW.

Speak! speak! we know not all.

SECOND JEW.

Why thus it was:

A rude and homely dresser of the vine,
He had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles,
When suddenly a spirit fell upon him,
Evil or good we know not. Ever since,
(And now seven years are past since it befell,
Our city then being prosperous and at peace),
He hath gone wandering through the darkling streets
At midnight under the cold quiet stars ;
He hath gone wandering through the crowded market
At noonday under the bright blazing sun,
With that one ominous cry of "Woe, woe, woe!"
Some scoff'd and mock'd him, some would give him food ;
He neither curs'd the one, nor thank'd the other.
The Sanhedrim bade scourge him, and myself
Beheld him lash'd, till the bare bones stood out
Through the maim'd flesh, still, still he only cried,
Woe to the City, till his patience wearied
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,
'Twas still the same, the incessant Woe, woe, woe.
But when our siege began, awhile he ceased,

As though his prophecy were fulfill'd ; till now
We had not heard his dire and boding voice.

WITHIN.

Woe ! woe ! woe !

JOSHUA, the Son of Hananiah.

Woe ! woe !

A voice from the East ! a voice from the West !

From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem !

A voice against the Temple of the Lord !

A voice against the Bridegrooms and the Brides !

A voice against all people of the land !

Woe ! woe ! woe !

SECOND JEW.

They are the very words, the very voice

Which we have heard so long. And yet, methinks,

There is a mournful triumph in the tone

Ne'er heard before. His eyes, that were of old

Fix'd on the earth, now wander all abroad,

As though the tardy consummation

Afflicted him with wonder——Hark ! again.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line !
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye resembleth
Voilets, when the dews of éve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave
On the bashful sealed lid !
Close within the bride-veil hid,
Motionless thou sit'st and mute ;
Save that at the soft salute
Of each entering maiden friend
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !
The door unfolds,—'tis he, 'tis he.
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

JOSHUA.

Woe! woe!

A voice from the East! a voice from the West!

From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem!

A voice against the Temple of the Lord!

A voice against the Bridegrooms and the Brides!

A voice against all people of the land!

Woe! woe—— [*Bursts away, followed by Second Jew.*]

FIRST JEW.

Didst speak?

THIRD JEW.

No.

FOURTH JEW.

Look'd he on *us* as he spake?

FIRST JEW (*to the Second returning.*)

Thou follow'dst him! what now?

SECOND JEW.

'Twas a True Prophet!

THE JEWS.

Wherefore? Where went he?

SECOND JEW.

To the outer wall;
And there he suddenly cried out and sternly,
“ A voice against the son of Hananiah !
“ Woe, woe !” and at the instant, whether struck
By a chance stone from the enemy’s engines, down
He sank and died !——

THIRD JEW.

There’s some one comes this way—
Art sure he died indeed ?

LEVITE.

It is the High-Priest.
The ephod gleams through the pale lowering night ;
The breastplate gems, and the pure mitre-gold,
Shine lamplike, and the bells that fringe his robe
Chime faintly.

HIGH-PRIEST.

Israel, hear ! I do beseech you,
Brethren, give ear !——

SECOND JEW.

Who's he that will not hear
The words of God's High-Priest?

HIGH-PRIEST.

It was but now
I sate within the Temple, in the court
That's consecrate to mine office—Your eyes wander—

JEWS.

Go on!—

HIGH-PRIEST.

Why hearken, then—Upon a sudden
The pavement seem'd to swell beneath my feet,
And the Veil shiver'd, and the pillars rock'd.
And there, within the very Holy of Holies,
There, from behind the winged Cherubim,
Where the Ark stood, noise, hurried and tumultuous,
Was heard, as when a king with all his host
Doth quit his palace. And anon, a voice,
Or voices, half in grief, half anger, yet
Nor human grief nor anger, even it seem'd

As though the hoarse and rolling thunder spake
With the articulate voice of man, it said,
“LET US DEPART!”

JEWS.

Most terrible! What follow'd?
Speak on! speak on!

HIGH-PRIEST.

I know not why, I felt
As though an outcast from the abandon'd Temple,
And fled.

JEWS.

Oh God! and Father of our Fathers,
Dost thou desert us?

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Under a happy planet art thou led,
Oh, chosen Virgin! to thy bridal bed.
So put thou off thy soft and bashful sadness,
And wipe away the timid maiden tear,—
Lo! redolent with the Prophet's oil of gladness,
And mark'd by heaven, the Bridegroom Youth is here.

FIRST JEW.

Hark—hark! an armed tread!

SECOND JEW.

The bold Ben Cathla!

BEN CATHLA.

Ay, ye are met, all met, as in a mart,
T' exchange against each other your dark tales
Of this night's fearful prodigies. I know it;
By the inquisitive and half-suspicious looks
With which ye eye each other, ye do wish
To disbelieve all ye have heard, and yet
Ye dare not. If ye have seen the moon unsphered,
And the stars fall; if the pale sheeted ghosts
Have met you wandering, and have pointed at you
With ominous designation; yet I scoff
Your poor and trivial terrors—Know ye Michol?

JEWS.

Michol!

BEN CATHLA.

The noble lady, she whose fathers
Dwelt beyond Jordan——

SECOND JEW.

Yes, we know her,
The tender and the delicate of women,⁽¹⁹⁾
That would not set her foot upon the ground
For delicacy and very tenderness.

BEN CATHLA.

The same!—We had gone forth in quest of food :
And we had enter'd many a house, where men
Were preying upon meagre herbs and skins ;
And some were sating upon loathsome things
Unutterable, the ravening hunger. Some,
Whom we had plunder'd oft, laugh'd in their agony
To see us baffled. At her door she met us,
And " We have feasted together heretofore,"
She said, " most welcome warriors!" and she led us,
And bade us sit like dear and honour'd guests;
While she made ready. Some among us wonder'd,
And some spake jeeringly, and thank'd the lady
That she had thus with provident care reserved
The choicest banquet for our scarcest days.

But ever as she busily minister'd,
Quick, sudden sobs of laughter broke from her.
At length the vessel's covering she raised up,
And there it lay——

HIGH-PRIEST.

What lay?—Thou'rt sick and pale.

BEN CATHLA.

By earth and heaven, the remnant of a child!
A human child!—Ay, start! so started we—
Whereat she shriek'd aloud, and clapp'd her hands,
“ Oh! dainty and fastidious appetites!
“ The mother feasts upon her babe, and strangers
“ Loathe the repast”—and then—“ My beautiful child!
“ The treasure of my womb! my bosom's joy!”
And then in her cool madness did she spurn us
Out of her doors. Oh still—oh still I hear her,
And I shall hear her till my day of death.

HIGH-PRIEST.

Oh, God of Mercies! this was once thy city!

CHORUS.

Joy to thee, beautiful and bashful Bride!

Joy! for the thrills of pride and joy become thee;

Thy curse of barrenness is taken from thee.

And thou shalt see the rosy infant sleeping

Upon the snowy fountain of thy breast;

And thou shalt feel how mothers' hearts are blest

By hours of bliss for moment's pain and weeping,

Joy to thee!

The above, SIMON, JOHY.

SIMON.

Away! what do ye in our midnight streets?

Go sleep! go sleep! or we shall have to lash you,

When the horn summons to the morning's war,

From out your drowsy beds——Away! I say.

HIGH-PRIEST.

Simon, thou know'st not the dark signs abroad.

JOHN.

Ay! is't not fearful and most ominous
That the sun shines not at deep midnight? Mark me,
Ye men with gasping lips and shivering limbs,
Thou mitred priest, and ye misnamed warriors,
If ye infect with your pale aguish fears
Our valiant city, we'll nor leave you limbs
To shake, nor voices to complain—T' your homes.

SIMON, JOHN.

JOHN.

In truth, good Simon, I am half your proselyte ;
Your angels, that do bear such excellent wine,
Might shake a faith more firm than ours.

SIMON.

Brave John,

My soul is jocund. Expectation soars
Before mine eyes, like to a new-fledged eagle,
And stoopeth from her heavens with palms ne'er worn

By brows of Israel. Glory mounts with her,
Her deep seraphic trumpet swelling loud
O'er Zion's gladdening towers.

JOHN.

Why, then, to sleep.
This fight by day, and revel all the night,
Needs some repose—I'll to my bed—Farewell!

SIMON.

Brave John, farewell! and I'll to rest, and dream
Upon the coming honours of to-morrow.

MIRIAM.

To-morrow! will that morrow dawn upon thee?
I've warn'd them, I have lifted up my voice
As loud as 'twere an angel's, and well nigh
Had I betray'd my secret: they but scoff'd,
And ask'd how long I had been a prophetess?
But that injurious John did foully taunt me,

As though I envied my lost sister's bridal.
And when I clung to my dear father's neck,
With the close fondness of a last embrace,
He shook me from him.

But, ah me! how strange!
This moment, and the hurrying streets were full
As at a festival, now all's so silent.
That I might hear the footsteps of a child.
The sound of dissolute mirth hath ceased; the lamps
Are spent, the voice of music broken off.
No watchman's tread comes from the silent wall,
There are nor lights nor voices in the towers.
The hungry have given up their idle search
For food, the gazers on the heavens are gone,
Even fear's at rest—all still as in a sepulchre!
And thou liest sleeping, oh Jerusalem!
A deeper slumber could not fall upon thee,
If thou wert desolate of all thy children,
And thy razed streets a dwelling-place for owls.
I do mistake! this is the Wilderness,

The Desert, where winds pass and make no sound,
And not the populous city, the besieged
And overhung with tempest. Why, my voice,
My motion, breaks upon the oppressive stillness
Like a forbidden and disturbing sound.

The very air's asleep, my feeblest breathing
Is audible—I'll think my prayers—and then——
——Ha! 'tis the thunder of the Living God!
It peals! it crashes! it comes down in fire!

Again! it is the engine of the foe,
Our walls are dust before it——Wake—oh wake—
Oh Israel!—Oh Jerusalem, awake!
Why shouldst thou wake? thy foe is in the heavens.
Yea, thy judicial slumber weighs thee down,
And gives thee, oh! lost city, to the Gentile
Defenceless, unresisting.

It rolls down,
As though the Everlasting raged not now,
Against our guilty Zion, but did mingle
The universal world in our destruction;

And all mankind were destined for a sacrifice
On Israel's funeral pile. Oh Crucified !
Here, here, where thou didst suffer, I beseech thee
Even by thy Cross !

Hark ! now in impious rivalry
Man thunders. In the centre of our streets
The Gentile trumpet, the triumphant shouts
Of onset ; and I,—I, a trembling girl,
Alone, awake, abroad.

Oh, now ye wake,
Now ye pour forth, and hideous Massacre,
Loathing his bloodless conquest, joys to see you
Thus naked and unarm'd—But where's my father ?
Upon his couch in dreams of future glory.
Oh ! where's my sister ? in her bridal bed.

Many JEWS.

FIRST JEW.

To the Temple! To the Temple! Israel! Israel!
Your walls are on the earth, your houses burn
Like fires amid the autumnal olive grounds.
The Gentile's in the courts of the Lord's house.
To the Temple! save or perish with the Temple!

SECOND JEW.

To the Temple! haste, oh all ye circumcised!
Stay not for wife or child, for gold or treasure!
Pause not for light! the heavens are all on fire,
The Universal City burns!

THIRD JEW.

Arms! Arms!

Our women fall like doves into the nets
Of the fowler, and they dash upon the stones
Our innocent babes. Arms! Arms! before we die

Let's reap a bloody harvest of revenge.

To the Temple!

FOURTH JEW.

Simon! lo, the valiant Simon.

The above, SIMON.

SIMON.

He comes! he comes! the black night blackens with him,

And the winds groan beneath his chariot wheels—

He comes from heaven, the Avenger of Jerusalem!

Ay, strike, proud Roman! fall, thou useless wall!

And vail your heads, ye towers, that have discharged

Your brief, your fruitless duty of resistance.

I've heard thee long, fierce Gentile! th' earthquake shocks

Of thy huge engines smote upon my soul,

And my soul scorn'd them. Oh! and hear'st not thou

One mightier than thyself, that shakes the heavens?

Oh pardon, that I thought that He, whose coming

Is promised and reveal'd, would calmly wait
The tardy throes of human birth. Messiah,
I know thee now, I know yon lightning fire
Thy robe of glory, and thy steps in heaven
Incessant thundering.

I had brought mine arms,
Mine earthly arms, my breastplate and my sword,
To cover and defend me—Oh! but thou
Art jealous, nor endur'st that human arm
Intrude on thy deliverance. I forswear them,
I cast them from me. Helmless, with nor shield
Nor sword, I stand, and in my nakedness
Wait thee, victorious Roman——

JEWS.

To the Temple!

SIMON.

Ay, well thou say'st, "to the Temple"—there 'twill be
Most visible. In his own house the Lord
Will shine most glorious. Shall we not behold

The Fathers bursting from their yielding graves,
Patriarchs and Priests, and Kings and Prophets, met
A host of spectral watchmen, on the towers
Of Zion to behold the full accomplishing
Of every Type and deep Prophetic word?

Ay, to the Temple! thither will I too,
There bask in all the fulness of the day
That breaks at length o'er the long night of Judah.

Chorus of Jews flying towards the Temple.

Fly! fly! fly!

Clouds, not of incense, from the Temple rise,
And there are altar-fires, but not of sacrifice.
And there are victims, yet nor bulls nor goats;
And Priests are there, but not of Aaron's kin;
And he that doth the murderous rite begin,
To stranger Gods his hecatomb devotes;

His hecatomb of Israel's chosen race
All foully slaughter'd in their Holy Place.

Break into joy, ye barren, that ne'er bore !⁽²⁰⁾
Rejoice, ye breasts, where ne'er sweet infant hung !
From you, from you no smiling babes are wrung,
Ye die, but not amid your children's gore.
But howl and weep, oh ye that are with child,
Ye on whose bosoms unwean'd babes are laid ;
The sword that's with the mother's blood defiled
Still with the infant gluts the insatiate blade.

Fly ! fly ! fly !

Fly not, I say, for Death is every where,
To keen-eyed Lust all places are the same :
There's not a secret chamber in whose lair
Our wives can shroud them from th' abhorred shame.
Where the sword fails, the fire will find us there,
All, all is death—the Gentile or the flame.

On to the Temple! Brethren, Israel on!

Though every slippery street with carnage swims,

Ho! spite of famish'd hearts and wounded limbs,

Still, still, while yet there stands one holy stone,

Fight for your God, his sacred house to save,

Or have its blazing ruins for your grave!

The Streets of Jerusalem.

MIRIAM.

Thou hard firm earth, thou wilt not break before me,
And hide me in thy dark and secret bosom !
Ye burning towers, ye fall upon your children
With a compassionate ruin—not on me—
Ye spare me only, I alone am mark'd
And seal'd for life : death cruelly seems to shun me,
Me, who am readiest and most wish to die.
Oh ! I have sat me by the ghastly slain
In envy of their state, and wept a prayer
That I were cold like them, and safe from th' hands
Of the remorseless conqueror. I have fled,
And fled, and fled, and still I fly the nearer
To the howling ravagers—they are every where.
I've closed mine eyes, and rush'd I know not whither,
And still are swords and men and furious faces
Before me, and behind me, and around me.

But ah! the shrieks that come from out the dwellings
Of my youth's loved companions—every where
I hear some dear and most familiar voice
In its despairing frantic agonies.

Ah me! that I were struck with leprosy,
That sinful men might loathe me, and pass on.

And I might now have been by that sweet fountain
Where the winds whisper through the moonlight leaves,
I might have been with Javan there—Off, off—
These are not thoughts for one about to die—
Oh, Lord and Saviour Christ!

An OLD MAN, MIRIAM.

OLD MAN.

Who spake of Christ?

What hath that name to do with saving here?

He's here, he's here, the Lord of desolation,

Begirt with vengeance! in the fire above,

And fire below! in all the blazing city

Behold him manifest!

MIRIAM.

Oh! aged man
And miserable, on the verge of the grave
Thus lingering to behold thy country's ruin,
What know'st thou of the Christ?

OLD MAN.

I, I beheld him,
The Man of Nazareth whom thou mean'st—I saw him
When he went labouring up the accursed hill.
Heavily on his scourged and bleeding shoulders
Press'd the rough cross, and from his crowned brow
(Crown'd with no kingly diadem) the pale blood
Was shaken off, as with a patient pity
He look'd on us, the infuriate multitude.

MIRIAM.

Didst thou not fall and worship?

OLD MAN.

I had call'd
The curse upon my head, my voice had cried
Unto the Roman, "On us be his blood,

“ And on our children !”—and on us it hath been—
My children and my children’s children, all,
The Gentile sword hath reap’d them one by one,
And I, the last dry wither’d shock, await
The gleaning of the slaughterer.

MIRIAM.

Couldst thou see
The Cross, the Agony, and still hard of heart ?

OLD MAN.

Fond child, I tell thee, ere the Cross was raised
He look’d around him, even in that last anguish,
With such a majesty of calm compassion,
Such solemn adjuration to our souls—
But yet ’twas not reproachful, only sad—
As though our guilt had been the bitterest pang
Of suffering. And there dwelt about him still,
About his drooping head and fainting limb,
A sense of power ; as though he chose to die,
Yet might have shaken off the load of death

Without an effort. Awful breathlessness
Spread round, too deep and too intense for tears.

MIRIAM.

Thou didst believe?——

OLD MAN.

Away! Men glar'd upon me
As though they did detect my guilty pity;
Their voices roar'd around me like a tempest,
And every voice was howling, "Crucify him!"—
I dared not be alone the apostate child
Of Abraham——

MIRIAM.

Ah! thou didst not join the cry?

OLD MAN.

Woman, I did, and with a voice so audible
Men turn'd to praise my zeal. And when the darkness,
The noonday darkness, fell upon the earth,
And the earth's self shook underneath my feet,
I stood before the Cross, and in my pride

Rejoiced that I had shaken from my soul
The soft compunction.

MIRIAM.

Ha!—but now, oh! now,
Thou own'st him for the eternal Son of God,
The mock'd, and scourg'd, and crown'd, and crucified.
Thou dost believe the blazing evidence
Of yon fierce flames! thou bow'st thyself before
The solemn preacher, Desolation,
That now on Zion's guilty ruins seated
Bears horrible witness.

OLD MAN.

Maiden, I believe them,
I dare not disbelieve; it is my curse,
My agony, that cleaves to me in death.

MIRIAM.

Oh! not a curse, it is a gracious blessing—
Believe, and thou shalt live!

OLD MAN.

Back, insolent!

What ! would'st thou school these gray hairs, and become
Mine age's teacher ?

MIRIAM.

Hath not God ordain'd
Wisdom from babes and sucklings ?

OLD MAN.

Back, I say ;
I have lived a faithful child of Abraham,
And so will die.

MIRIAM.

For ever !——He is gone,
Yet he looks round, and shakes his hoary head
In dreadful execration 'gainst himself
And me——I dare not follow him.

What's here ?

It is mine home, the dwelling of my youth,
O'er which the flames climb up with such fierce haste.
Lo, lo ! they burst from that house-top, where oft
My sister and myself have sate and sang
Our pleasant airs of gladness ! Ah, Salome !

Where art thou now? These, these are not the lights
That should be shining on a marriage-bed.

Oh! that I had been call'd to dress thy bier,
To pour sweet ointments on thy shrouded corpse,
Rather than thus to weave thee bridal chaplets
To be so madly worn, so early wither'd!
Where art thou? I dare only wish thee dead,
Even as I wish myself.

'Tis she, herself!

Thank God, she hath not perish'd in the flames!
'Tis she—she's here—she's here—the unfaded crown
Hanging from her loose tresses, and her raiment
Only the bridal veil wrapt round her——Sister!
Oh! by my mother's blessings on us both,
Stay, stay and speak to me—Salone!

SALONE.

Thee!

'Tis all thy bitter envy, that hath made
The exquisite music cease, and hath put out
The gentle lamps, and with a jealous voice
Hath call'd him from me.

MIRIAM.

Seest thou not, Salone,
The city's all on fire, the foe's around us?

SALONE.

The fire! the foe! what's fire or foe to me?
What's ought but Amariah? He is mine,
The eagle-eyed, the noble and the brave,
The Man of Men, the glory of our Zion,
And ye have rent him from me.

MIRIAM.

Dearest, who?

SALONE.

I tell thee, he was mine, oh! mine so fondly,
And I was his—I had begun to dare
The telling how I loved him—and the night
It was so rapturously still around us—
When, even as though he heard a voice, and yet
There was no sound I heard, he sprung from me
Unto the chamber-door, and he look'd out
Into the city——

MIRIAM.

Well!—Nay, let not fall
Thy insufficient raiment——Merciful Heaven,
Thy bosom bleeds! What rash and barbarous hand
Hath——

SALONÉ.

He came back and kiss'd me, and he said—
I know not what he said—but there was something
Of Gentilé ravisher, and his beauteous bride,—
Me, me he meant, he call'd me beauteous bride,—
And he stood o'er me with a sword so bright
My dazzled eyes did close. And presently,
Methought, he smote me with the sword, but then
He fell upon my neck, and wept upon me,
And I felt nothing but his burning tears.

MIRIAM.

She faints! Look up, sweet sister! I have stanch'd
The blood awhile—but her dim wandering eyes
Are fixing—she awakes—she speaks again.

SALONE.

Ah! brides, they say, should be retired, and dwell
Within in modest secrecy; yet here
Am I, a this night's bride, in the open street,
My naked feet on the cold stones, the wind
Blowing my raiment off—it's very cold—
Oh, Amariah! let me lay my head
Upon thy bosom, and so fall asleep.

MIRIAM.

There is no Amariah here—'tis I,
Thy Miriam.

SALONE.

The Christian Miriam!

MIRIAM.

Oh! that thou too wert Christian! I could give thee
A cold and scanty baptism of my tears.
Oh! shrink not from me, lift not up thy head,
Thy dying head, from thy loved sister's lap.

SALONE.

Off! set me free! the song is almost done,

The bridegroom's at the door, and I must meet him,
 Though my knees shake and tremble. If he come,
 And find me sad and cold, as I am now,
 He will not love me as he did.

MIRIAM.

Too true,
 Thou growest cold indeed.

SALONE.

Night closes round,
 Slumber is on my soul. If Amariah
 Return with morning, glorious and adorn'd
 In spoil, as he is wont, thou'lt wake me, sister?
 —Ah! no, no, no! this is no waking sleep,
 It bursts upon me—Yes, and Simon's daughter,
 The bride of Amariah, may not fear,
 Nor shrink from dying. My half-failing spirit
 Comes back, my soft love-melted heart is strong:
 I know it all, in mercy and in love
 Thou 'st wounded me to death—and I will bless thee,
 True lover! noble husband! my last breath
 Is thine in blessing—Amariah!—Love!

And yet thou shouldst have staid to close mine eyes,
Oh Amariah!——and an hour ago
I was a happy bride upon thy bosom,
And now am——Oh God, God! if he have err'd,
And should come back again, and find me——dead!

MIRIAM.

Oh, God of Mercies! she is gone an infidel,
An infidel unrepentant, to thy presence,
The partner of my cradle and my bed,
My own, my only sister!—oh! but thou,
Lord, knowest that thou hast not drawn her to thee,
By making the fond passions of the heart,
Like mine, thy ministers of soft persuasion.
She hath not loved a Christian, hath not heard
From lips, whose very lightest breath is dear,
Thy words of comfort.

I will cover her.

Thy bridal veil is now thy shroud, my sister,
And long thou wilt not be without a grave.
Jerusalem will bury all her children
Ere many hours are past.

There's some one comes——

A Gentile soldier——'tis the same who oft
Hath cross'd me, and I've fled and 'scap'd him. Now,
How can I fly, and whither? Will the dead
Protect me? Ha! whichever way I turn,
Are others fiercer and more terrible.
I'll speak to him,—there's something in his mien
Less hideous than the rest.

MIRIAM, the SOLDIER.

MIRIAM.

Oh! noble warrior,

I see not that thy sword is wet with blood:
And thou didst turn aside lest thou shouldst tread
Upon a dying man; and e'en but now,
When a bold ruffian almost seiz'd on me,
Thou didst stand forth and scare him from his prey.
Hast thou no voice? perhaps thou art deaf too,
And I am pleading unto closed ears——

——Keep from me ! stand aloof ! I am infected.

Oh ! if the devil, that haunts the souls of men,
They say, with lawless and forbidden thoughts,
If he possess thee, here I lift my voice——

By Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I adjure
The evil spirit to depart from thee.

Alas ! I feel thy grasp upon mine arm,
And I must follow thee. Oh ! thou hast surely
In thine own land, in thine own native home,
A wife, a child, a sister : think what 'twere
To have a stranger's violent arms around her.

Ha ! every where are more—and this man's hand
Did surely tremble ; at the holy name
He seem'd to bow his head. I'll follow thee,
Let me but kiss the body of my sister,
My dead lost sister——

Bless thee ! and thou'lt spare me—
At least thou art less savage than the rest.
And He that had a virgin mother, He
Will surely listen to a virgin's prayer.

There's hope and strength within my soul; lead on,
I'll follow thee——Salone, oh that thou
Hadst room in thy cold marriage bed for me!

The Front of the Temple.

SIMON.

They fight around the altar, and the dead
Heap the chok'd pavement. Israel tramples Israel,
And Gentile Gentile, rushing where the Temple,
Like to a pit of frantic gladiators,
Is howling with the strife of men, that fight not
For conquest, but the desperate joy of slaying.
Priests, Levites, women, pass and hurry on,
At least to die within the sanctuary.
I only wait without—I take my stand
Here in the vestibule—and though the thunders
High and aloof o'er the wide arch of heaven

Hold their calm march, nor deviate to their vengeance
On earth, in holy patience, Lord, I wait,
Defying thy long lingering to subdue
The faith of Simon.

'Twas but now I pass'd
The corpse of Amariah, that display'd
In the wild firelight all its wounds, and lay
Embalm'd in honour. John of Galilee
Is prisoner; I beheld him fiercely gnashing
His ponderous chains. Of me they take no heed,
For I disdain to tempt them to my death,
And am not arm'd to slay.

The light within
Grows redder, broader. 'Tis a fire that burns
To save or to destroy. On Sinai's top,
Oh Lord! thou didst appear in flames, the mountain
Burnt round about thee. Art thou here at length,
And must I close mine eyes, lest they be blinded
By the full conflagration of thy presence?

TITUS, PLACIDUS, TERENTIUS, Soldiers, SIMON.

TITUS.

Save, save the Temple ! Placidus, Terentius,
Haste, bid the legions cease to slay ; and quench
Yon ruining fire.

Who's this, that stands unmoved
Mid slaughter, flame, and wreck, nor deigns to bow
Before the Conqueror of Jerusalem ?
What art thou ?

SIMON.

Titus, dost thou think that Rome
Shall quench the fire that burns within yon Temple ?
Ay, when your countless and victorious cohorts,
Ay, when your Cæsar's throne, your Capitol
Have fallen before it.

TITUS.

Madman, speak ! what art thou ?

SIMON.

The uncircumcis'd have known me heretofore,
And thou mayst know hereafter.

PLACIDUS.

It is he—

The bloody Captain of the Rebels, Simon,
The Chief Assassin. Seize him, round his limbs
Bind straight your heaviest chains. An unhop'd pageant
For Cæsar's high ovation. We'll not slay him,
Till we have made a show to the wives of Rome
Of the great Hebrew Chieftain.

SIMON.

Knit them close,

See that ye rivet well their galling links.

(Holding up the chains.)

And ye've no finer flax to gyve me with?

TERENTIUS.

Burst these, and we will forge thee stronger then.

SIMON.

Fool, 'tis not yet the hour.

TITUS.

Hark ! hark ! the shrieks
Of those that perish in the flames. Too late
I came to spare, it wraps the fabric round.
Fate, Fate, I feel thou'rt mightier than Cæsar,
He cannot save what thou hast doom'd ! Back, Romans,
Withdraw your angry cohorts, and give place
To the inevitable ruin. Destiny,
It is thine own, and Cæsar yields it to thee.
Lead off the prisoner.

SIMON.

Can it be ? the fire
Destroys, the thunders cease. I'll not believe,
And yet how dare I doubt ?

A moment, Romans.

Is't then thy will, Almighty Lord of Israel,
That this thy Temple be a heap of ashes ?
Is't then thy will, that I, thy chosen Captain,
Put on the raiment of captivity ?
By Abraham, our father ! by the Twelve,

The Patriarch Sons of Jacob ! by the Law,
In thunder spoken ! by the untouch'd Ark !
By David, and the Anointed Race of Kings !
By great Elias, and the gifted Prophets !
I here demand a sign !

'Tis there—I see it.

The fire that rends the Veil !

We are then of thee
Abandon'd——not abandon'd of ourselves.
Heap woes upon us, scatter us abroad,
Earth's scorn and hissing ; to the race of men
A loathsome proverb ; spurn'd by every foot,
And curs'd by every tongue ; our heritage
And birthright bondage ; and our very brows
Bearing, like Cain's, the outcast mark of hate :
Israel will still be Israel, still will boast
Her fallen Temple, her departed glory ;
And, wrapt in conscious righteousness, defy
Earth's utmost hate, and answer scorn with scorn.

*The Fountain of Siloe.**MIRIAM, the Soldier.*

MIRIAM.

Here, here—not here—oh ! any where but here—
Not toward the fountain, not by this lone path.
If thou wilt bear me hence, I'll kiss thy feet,
I'll call down blessings, a lost virgin's blessings
Upon thy head. Thou hast hurried me along,
Through darkling street, and over smoking ruin,
And yet there seem'd a soft solicitude,
And an officious kindness in thy violence—
But I've not heard thy voice.

Oh, strangely cruel !

And wilt thou make me sit even on this stone,
Where I have sate so oft, when the calm moonlight
Lay in its slumber on the slumbering fountain ?

Ah! where art thou, thou that wert ever with me,
Oh Javan! Javan!

THE SOLDIER.

When was Javan call'd
By Miriam, that Javan answer'd not?
Forgive me all thy tears, thy agonies.
I dar'd not speak to thee, lest the strong joy
Should overpower thee, and thy feeble limbs
Refuse to bear thee in thy flight.

MIRIAM.

What's here?
Am I in heaven, and thou forehasted thither
To welcome me? Ah, no! thy warlike garb,
And the wild light, that reddens all the air,
Those shrieks——and yet this could not be on earth,
The sad, the desolate, the sinful earth.
And thou couldst venture amid fire and death,
Amid thy country's ruins to protect me,
Dear Javan?

JAVAN.

'Tis not now the first time, Miriam,
That I have held my life a worthless sacrifice
For thine. Oh! all these later days of siege
I've slept in peril, and I've woke in peril.
For every meeting I've defied the cross,
On which the Roman, in his merciless scorn,
Bound all the sons of Salem. Sweet, I boast not;
But to thank rightly our Deliverer,
We must know all the extent of his deliverance.

MIRIAM.

And I can only weep!

JAVAN.

Ay, thou shouldst weep,
Lost Zion's daughter.

MIRIAM.

Ah! I thought not then
Of my dead sister, and my captive father—
Said they not "captive" as we pass'd?—I thought not
Of Zion's ruin and the Temple's waste.

Javan, I fear that mine are tears of joy ;
'Tis sinful at such times—but thou art here,
And I am on thy bosom, and I cannot
Be, as I ought, entirely miserable.

JAVAN.

My own beloved ! I dare call thee mine,
For Heaven hath given thee to me—chosen out,
As we two are, for solitary blessing,
While the universal curse is pour'd around us
On every head, 'twere cold and barren gratitude
To stifle in our hearts the holy gladness.

But, oh Jerusalem ! thy rescued children
May not, retir'd within their secret joy,
Shut out the mournful sight of thy calamities.

Oh, beauty of earth's cities ! throned queen
Of thy milk-flowing valleys ! crown'd with glory !
The envy of the nations ! now no more
A city—One by one thy palaces
Sink into ashes, and the uniform smoke
O'er half thy circuit hath brought back the night

Which the insulting flames had made give place
To their untimely terrible day. The flames
That in the Temple, their last proudest conquest,
Now gather all their might, and furiously,
Like revellers, hold there exulting triumph.
Round every pillar, over all the roof,
On the wide gorgeous front, the holy depth
Of the far sanctuary, every portico,
And every court, at once, concentrated,
As though to glorify and not destroy,
They burn, they blaze——

Look, Miriam, how it stands!

Look!

MIRIAM.

There are men around us!

JAVAN.

They are friends,
Bound here to meet me, and behold the last
Of our devoted city: Look, oh Christians!
Still the Lord's house survives man's fallen dwellings,

And wears its ruin with a majesty
Peculiar and divine. Still, still it stands,
All one wide fire, and yet no stone hath fallen.

Hark—hark !

The feeble cry of an expiring nation.

Hark—hark !

The awe-struck shout of the unboasting conqueror.

Hark—hark !

It breaks—it severs—it is on the earth.
The smother'd fires are quench'd in their own ruins :
Like a huge dome, the vast and cloudy smoke
Hath cover'd all.

And it is now no more,
Nor ever shall be to the end of time,
The Temple of Jerusalem !——Fall down,
My brethren, on the dust, and worship here
The mysteries of God's wrath.

Even so shall perish,
In its own ashes, a more glorious Temple,
Yea, God's own architecture, this vast world,

This fated universe—the same destroyer,
The same destruction——Earth, Earth, Earth, behold !
And in that judgment look upon thine own !

HYMN.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth ! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign :

When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away :
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,

Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain :
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Woe ;
Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And Heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated Cities then,
The Towers and Temples, nam'd of men
Eternal, and the Thrones of Kings ;
The gilded summer Palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the Bird of pleasure sings ;
Ask ye the destiny of them ?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem !
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd,
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh ! who shall then survive ?
Oh ! who shall stand and live ?
When all that hath been, is no more :
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy ;
When for the breathing Earth, and sparkling Sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,

Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an Ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,

That in its high meridian noon

Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon :

When thou art there in thy presiding state,

Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realm of doom :

When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,

The dead of all the ages round thee wait :

And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn

Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire :

Faithful and True ! thou still wilt save thine own !

The Saints shall dwell within th' unharmed fire,

Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.

Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,

So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic Bride,

Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.

Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almighty to redeem !

NOTES.

Note 1, page 5, line 1.

Advance the eagles, Caius Placidus.

Placidus, though not expressly mentioned as one of the Roman generals engaged, had a command previously in Syria.

Note 2, page 8, line 10.

A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!

Τοῖς γε μὴν εἰσαφικνουμένοις ξένοις, πόρρωθεν ὅμοιος ὄρει χιόνος πλήρει κατέφαινετο καὶ γὰρ καθὰ μὴ κεχρυσωτο λευκότητος ἦν. (*Joseph. lib. v. c. 5.*) See the whole description.

Note 3, page 10, line 1.

Thy brethren of the Porch, imperial Titus.

Mr. Reginald Heber's "Stoic tyrant's philosophic pride" will occur to the memory at least of academic readers.

Note 4, page 12, lines 3, 4.

Let this night

Our wide encircling walls complete their circuit.

"The days shall come upon thee when thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side." Luke xix. 43.

For the remarkable and perfect completion of this prophecy,

see the description of the wall built by Titus.—*Josephus*, lib. v. ch. 12.

Note 5, page 12, lines 12, 13.

*I should give to the flame
Whate'er opposed the sovereign sway of Cæsar.*

Terentius, or Turnus Rufus, is marked with singular detestation in the Jewish traditions.

Note 6, page 13, line 1.

Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee!

The fountain of Siloe was just without the walls. The upper city, occupied by Simon (*Joseph. v. 6.*), ended nearly on a line with the fountain. Though, indeed, Simon had possession of parts also of the lower city.—*Joseph. v. 1.*

Note 7, page 16, line 18.

Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata.

Gischala and Jotapata, towns before taken by the Romans.

Note 8, page 27, line 3.

Our bridal songs, &c.

It must be recollected, that the unmarried state was looked on with peculiar horror by the Jewish maidens. By marriage there was a hope of becoming the mother of the Messiah.

Note 9, page 43, line 5.

Did old Mathias hold.

Simon put to death Mathias the High Priest and his sons, by whom he had been admitted into the city.

Note 10, page 47, line 7.

Ye want not testimonies to your mildness.

Titus crucified round the city those who fled from the famine and the cruelty of the leaders within. (*Joseph. v. ch. 13.*) Sometimes, according to *Josephus*, (lib. v. c. 11.) 500 in a day suffered.

Note 11, page 50, line 5.

Even on the hills where gleam your myriad spears.

The camp of Titus comprehended a space called the "Assyrian's Camp."

Note 12, page 54, line 18.

A javelin to his pale and coward heart!

Josephus gives more than one speech which he addressed to his countrymen. They only mocked and once wounded him.

Note 13, page 62, line 3.

Behold, oh Lord! the Heathen tread, &c.

See Psalm lxxx. 7, &c.

Note 14, page 74, lines 7, 8.

Even in the garb and with the speech of worship,

Went he not up into the very Temple?

This was the mode in which John surprised Eleazar, who before was in possession of the Temple.

Note 15, page 75, line 1.

There hath he held the palace of his lusts.

Γυναικίζόμενοι δὲ τὰς ὄψεις, ἐφόνων ταῖς δεξιαῖς, θρυπτόμενοι
δὲ τοῖς βαδίσμασιν ἐξαπίνης ἐγίνοντο πολεμισταί. *Joseph.*
lib. iv. c. 9. There is a long passage to the same effect.

Note 16, page 86, line 12.

And where is now the wine for the bridegroom's rosy cup.

In the prophecy of our Saviour concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and that of the world, it is said that "as in the days of Noe, they shall marry and be given in marriage." Matth. xxiv.

Note 17, page 94, line 10.

That when the signs are manifest.

The prodigies are related by Josephus in a magnificent page of historic description.

Note 18, page 107, line 18.

To the sound of timbrels sweet.

The bridal ceremonies are from Calmet, Harmer, and other illustrators of scripture. It is a singular tradition that the use of the crowns was discontinued after the fall of Jerusalem. A few peculiarities are adopted from an account of a Maronite wedding in Harmer.

Note 19, page 118, line 3.

The tender and the delicate of women.

"The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for

delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son and toward her daughter, and toward her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and toward her children which she shall bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates." (Deuter. xxviii. 56 and 57.) See also Lamentations ii. 20. The account of the unnatural mother is detailed in Josephus.

Note 20, page 130, line 3.

Break into joy, ye barren that ne'er bore!

"And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days." (Matth. xxiv. 19.)

THE END.

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